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THE LIFE AND BATTLES

OF

## JOHN LANGAN,

ONE OF THE IRISH CHAMPIONS.

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If you'd travel the wide world all over,
And sail across, quite round the globe,
You must set out on horseback from Dover,
And sail under sweet Balinrobe;
'Tis there you'll see Ireland so famous,
That was built before Adam was breech'd,
Who lived in the reign of King Shamus,
Ere he was at the Boyne over-reach'd.

Young Paddy, like all other Paddies, according to his ould nurse, Judy O'Shaughnessy, was born in Ireland, in 1798. It was on "a sweet May morning," at Clondalton, in the county of Kildare, that little Jack opened his ogles in this world to take a peep at society. Ireland, at that period, was in a most unhappy situation for its inhabitants; and young Paddy had scarcely become one of his father's family five minutes, before his ears were saluted by a tremendous fire of musquetry from a party of United Men, attempting to get possession of a powder-mill, within fifty yards of his daddy's edifice. Judy, in her way, explained this sort of omen—as rather ominous that little Jack Langan was born to make a great noise in the world.

Young Paddy was very fond of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and often used to steal away from his father's dwelling to Judy's cabin, to listen to her comical stories, and hear her notions about pedigree. "Be a good boy (said she), and don't keep company with the dirty little blackguards about the place, but mix with dacent people's children, for by your father's extraction you are related to the Callaghans, the Brallaghans; and on your mother's side to the Knowlans likewise." The early years of little Jack passed away almost imperceptibly; when his father left Clondalton, and settled in the suburbs of Dublin, at a place called Ballybough-lane, adjoining that beautiful spot of freedom designated Mud Island. "By the powers of Mol Kelly, it is a beautiful spot; and show me, honey, any place like it," said an honest Hibernian, who was once describing its excellence. "In the memory of the oldest man, a better has dared to show his unlucky face, except at a wake, a christening, or a wedding, and then in the way of friendship." In Mud Island did Langan's daddy and mammy commence business in the provision line: and both man and horse were accommodated. The ould folks carried on a roaring trade; and numerous kids were brought up respectably out of the profits of the business.

Langan had always a taste for milling; and his turn-ups at school, if detailed, would fill a sixpenny pamphlet. In company with two of his school-fellows he discovered a bird's nest; but as the birds were not fledged, it was unanimously agreed to leave it till a more convenient opportunity. The boys played truant one afternoon and went in search of the bird's nest, and the eldest lad claimed for his share the top bird, which is generally considered the cock. Langan protested against such choice, and a battle decided it; but after a fight of an hour's duration, in which Jack proved the conqueror, the only recompence he got for the scratches and loss of claret was, upon examining the nest, the birds had fled during the row.

On the borders of the Dublin canal, when only 13 years of age, he thought himself man enough to enter the lists with a strong youth of 18 years of age; in fact, he stood forward as champion for his friend, who had received a blow from the youth. In forty-five minutes, against weight, length, and height, Langan proved the conqueror.

Shortly after the above battle, Jack persuaded his father to let him go to sea, and ultimately he was bound an apprentice to Messrs. Dunn and Harris, of Dublin. Langan sailed for Oporto and Lisbon, in the New Active, Capt. M'Carthy. In Bail Bay, Lisbon, in spite of the stiletto used by two Portuguese, he made the cowards run before him; but Jack received a scratch or two on his body from their knives. His courage, however, did not desert him for an instant, although he was attacked in such an assassin-like manner.

On Langan's passage home, he severely drubbed one of his messmates, of the name of Dunn, who had taken liberties with the fame of Ould Ireland, and found fault with the country that gave birth to a Dean Swift, a Sheridan, a Burke, Tommy Moore, a Grattan, a Curran, a Barry, and a Wellington.—"O long life to you for that," cried Judy, when she heard of it; "but have you forgot Sir Daniel Donnelly amongst the heroes of Paddy's land? God rest his soul!" "Be asy," replied an old Irishman, "has not Sir Daniel got a great big monument erected to his fame? Let him remain quietly at rest in his tomb." "Erin go bragh!" said Jack Langan, after giving Mr. Dunn a receipt in full of all demands, then retired to his birth to take his grog, singing—

St. Patrick is still our protector,
He made us an Island of Saints,
Drove out snakes and toads like a Hector,
And ne'er shut his eyes to complaints;
Then if you would live and be frisky,
And never die when you're in bed,
Arrah! come to Ireland and tipple the whisky,
And live ten years after you're dead!!!

Like all new schemes and occupations, a sailor's life, for a short period, was highly relished by Jack Langan. The weather was beautiful; all the crew were as merry as griggs; the Captain good natured; and "Yo heave ho!" the delight of young Paddy. But this sun-shine did not last long: the lardships of a Jack Tar began to show themselves; some terrible gales of wind, and a tremendous storm or two, on his return to Ireland, showed the other side of the picture so emphatically, that Jack spoke to his Ould Dad to get his indentures from the Captain, as he had a great wish to try his fortune on shore. Old Langan accomplished this circumstance for his darling boy; and Jack was bound an apprentice to a sawyer. Langan soon became a proficient in his business, and arrived at the climax of his trade, a top-sawyer; but he was anxious to get a cut above the Pit, and turn his hands to another account. Although but fifteen years of age, our hero had a taste for milling; he was fond of fighting, but not quarrelling; yet he was always ready to punish impudence and insolence, whenever rude fellows crossed his path.

"From little causes, great events rise!"

Throwing snow-balls at each other, in the canal, near Dublin, produced a most determined mill between Jemmy Lyons, and Jack Langan. It was a cool situation for a fight, but it was warm work while it continued. "We have got plenty of snow and ice," said our hero, "and I will make it quite complete, Jemmy Lyons, by giving you a few hail-stones on your nob." And sure enough, Jack's blows were put in so fast and hard upon the face of Paddy Lyons, for the space of twenty-five minutes, that he cried out, "Enough! too much!" This turn-up was without any precision as to time: it was pell away, till Jemmy was carried off the ground. "By St. Patrick," said Jack Ryley (the friend of Lyons,) to Langan, "you shall get a good bating for all your luck this time; and if you will meet me in Cannon's Quarry, I will soon make you cry for quarter." "And is it me you mane, Mr. Riley, that is to ask you for quarter? Well, come on, and we'll soon see all about it," replied Langan. Ryley was the hero of Mud Island, in the milling way; and scarcely any one dared to say their soul was their own, while Ryley remained in so served out Ryley, that he [illegible] Langan him all round, and spoilt his fancy mug in twenty minutes, so much so, that when Ryley was taken home to Mud Island he was so disfigured, as not to be recognised by his most intimate acquaintance.

Langan was now not only envied, but viewed as a striking object in Mud Island; Jack, however, was too good humored a fellow to be any thing like a terror to the peaceable inhabitants of the above happy spot. Pat Maeguire had a great desire to take the shine out of Langan, and boasted that he would be number one in the Island. "So you shall," replied our hero, "if you can win it." But poor Pat Maeguire reckoned his chickens before they were hatched; for, in the short space of ten minutes, his peepers were darkened; his nose swelled up to the size of two conks; his ivories dancing; and the whole of his face a picture of agony and distress. Soon after poor Pat was undressed and put to bed, he exclaimed. "By J—s, the blows I have received from Jack Langan are more like the kicks of a horse than the thumps of a man."

Michael Angin, who had some notions of boxing, was completely satisfied in a single round with Langan, at Clontarf. A tremendous blow upon his mouth put Mike's head in chancery for a few seconds, and a lump rose in his mouth so big as nearly to deprive Angin of breath. On returning to his mother's cabin, she saluted him with "Arragh! Mike, my jewel, what have you got in your mouth, that makes you look so ugly?" "It is Jack Langan's fist, mother. I am almost choked;" replied Angin, as hoarse as a raven.—"Take it out, my darling," said his parent; "it is no good to any body!"

One Titford, Dan Henigan (the brother of the boxer of that name), and Jem Turner, were all, in succession, disposed of with the most apparent ease by our hero. In short, he had no competitor amongst the boys, and therefore we will take leave of his early turn-ups, for battles of a more manly description.

Langan had a desperate battle with a man of the name of Hemet: the latter person struck the father of our hero. "I will make you repent of your conduct, you blackguard," said Jack. "A stripling like you?" replied Hemet: "I'll kick your breech, if you dare to give me any more of your prate." Young Langan, as we have before mentioned, was fond of milling; but, in defence of his father, he felt doubly armed; and in the course of thirty minutes, Hermet was glad to acknowledge the stripling was his master.

One Savage, a man weighing about eleven stone, and 21 years of age, had behaved extremely unhandsome to Jack three years previously to the period when the following circumstances transpired. Langan, although not more than sixteen years old, entertained an opinion, that he was able to take the field against Savage, and challenged him without any hesitation. Savage, with the utmost contempt, accepted of the challenge, and agreed to fight on the banks of the Dublin Canal. A few friends on each side attended, to see fair play. The battle was long, and well contested: but the darkey coming on, and as neither of the combatants would agree to surrender, it was deemed expedient, according to the laws of honor, to fight it out, and therefore candles were introduced. But, before the glims required topping, Langan floored his opponent, by a tremendous wisty-castor upon the jugular vein, that all attempts to restore animation proved fruitless; and Savage was carried home amidst the lamentations of his friends, and the sorrow of Langan. Savage soon afterwards was washed and laid out, and every thing comfortably prepared to wake him. The body was surrounded by about forty old women and men, smoking and drinking, and bewailing his loss, interspersed every now and then with some prime fil-la-loos. "Arrah! my dear Jemmy, why did you put your head in the way of Jack Langan's fist?" The scene was altogether amusing, for, according to the chaunt upon a similar occasion,

There was Mr. Laney,
And Mr. Blaney,
"At the wake of Teddy Roe!

In the midst of the above beautiful solemnity, the candles burning, &c., to the great surprise and confusion of the company present, Mr. Savage waked himself; but, before he could inquire into the particulars how he came into this strange situation, the whole assembly had brushed off with terror, leaving Mr. Savage to unriddle the story in the best manner he thought proper.

Tremendous as Langan had proved himself in the above contest, Paddy Moran was not afraid to challenge our hero. The latter proposed to fight Jack upon the real principles of milling—for love, glory, and honor. Blunt was out of the question, for the best of all reasons—Moran had nothing to do with the funds. "You shall be accommodated," replied Langan; "it shall be for love, glory, and honor." It was a severe battle for fourteen rounds; and although Moran was compelled to submit to defeat, he proved himself a brave man, and Langan's nob received "lots of pepper" in several instances during the fight.

Moran's brother also called Langan out to meet him in the field of battle, the following week. Our hero, as fresh as a daisy, and as gay as a lark, accepted the challenge with the utmost alacrity, and, when "Time" was called proved himself ready at the scratch.—Moran's brother likewise proved himself a man of excellent courage; but he had nothing like so good a chance as his relative. After a few rounds, it was Crow-street spell to a mag squint, and Langan became the conqueror, without a mark the worse for his encounter. Norman, a pugilist distinguished in Dublin, seconded Moran's brother against Jack; but on account of some part of his conduct appearing in a questionable shape, Langan sent a challenge to Norman.

Norman accepted of the challenge, but requested to name Sunday for the time of combat. To this request Langan positively refused; but upon any other day, he said, he should be happy little "blowing to" on't. After some was agreed that the battle should take place on the following Thursday.—Norman, who was a deep covey, and wishing to turn every thing to a good account in which he was engaged, gave out the mill would take place on Sunday. He was a proprietor of jaunting cars, and every one of his vehicles was engaged for the fight. Some hundreds of the Fancy were completely noaxed by Norman, who were collected together within a short distance of old Langan's cottage. Young Jack did not make his appearance, to the astonishment of the spectators; when Norman cut a great bounce, and offered to put down twenty pounds to back himself—well knowing Langan would not be present; expressed his surprise at the absence of Langan, who, he told the crowd, had made promise to meet him. The news was soon brought to Jack of the trick played off by Norman. He instantly started off to the public-house, where Norman was swallowing the whiskey like water, rejoicing how he had done the flats that day. Langan, with more courage than propriety, without hesitation, told Norman he had conducted himself like a blackguard. Norman, being surrounded by his father, brothers, and friends, fell foul upon Langan before he was scarcely within-side the door, and with the aid of whips, sticks, &c., punished him so dreadfully, that if a few of his supporters had not rushed in, Langan would soon have been found as "dead as a door nail." Jack was picked up insensible, taken home, and put to bed in a pitiable exhausted state.

Thursday, the day appointed for the mill, was drawing on rapidly, when our hero sent to Norman, trusting he would not fail in being true to his time. This Langan did, against the advice of his friends. Jack could not lift his right hand to his head, in consequence of the severe milling he had received from the mob of unmanly fellows in the interest of Norman. Langan, however, met Norman on the North Strand, near Clontarf. The car-keeper was seconded by Pat Halton and Cummings; and Langan by two tight boys belonging to the Island of Mud. The battle lasted above an hour, because Langan could not punish Norman with his right arm; but, even in this crippled state, he had so much the best of the fight, that Norman's friends, who were by far the greatest number on the ground, seeing that Norman must lose it, rushed in, separated the combatants, saved their blunt, and put an end to the mill. Langan was exceedingly vexed that he was prevented from dressing his antagonist as he well deserved. In a few days after the above circumstance, about five o'clock in the morning, Jack was roused from his dab by a violent knocking at the door. Between sleeping and waking, with his peepers neither open nor shut, he came down in his shirt to see what was the matter. On opening the door, Jack believed he was dreaming, for, strange to relate, he beheld Norman stripped, and in a fighting attitude. "By J—s," said Norman, "I have been uasy all the night. I could not sleep, Jack, and I thought you and I could amuse ourselves very agreeably; besides, having the whole of the day before us." "Is it a day, you said, Norman?" replied Langan; "by the Saint of Ould Ireland, I'll settle your impertinence in a few minutes, when I shall return to roost and finish my rest, which you have disturbed. However, I will certainly pay you, Norman, for calling me up." Langan ran over to the stream opposite his father's cabin, and washed his face. "Now," said he, "Norman, I am ready; only take care of yourself." The novelty of this battle was, that no umpires, bottle-holders, nor seconds on either side, were engaged in this combat. In the short space of four rounds, it was all over. Norman napt it in such first-rate style, that he laid upon the ground like a calf. Norman was so completely satisfied, that he never requested a second battle.—Langan at that period did not weigh more than 10st. 3lb. while Norman weighed 13st. 7lb. Paddy Norman got a receipt in full of all demands, well stamped, and never solicited more payment from Jack Langan.

It was impossible for our hero to remain long in a state of idleness, as some one or other was continually offering him work to do. Slantlea, a hardy fellow, offered his services to Jack, which were accepted without a single murmur. But to make it and to ensure success, the night before the battle Langan was introduced by a friend to the late Sir Daniel Donnelly. The advice of the Irish (whiskey punch) Champion was asked as to the best mode of training. "Is it training you mane?" replied Sir Dan, with a smile upon his comical mug; "by the okey I never troubled myself much about that training, d'ye see, which the fellows in the Lang-town make so much bother about. But, nevertheless, I will give my opinion as to what I think necessary to be done upon such occasions. First of all, you must take off your shirt, Jack Langan, then walk up and down the room briskly, and hit well out with both hands, as if you intended giving your opponent a snoozing without asking for his night-cap. Jump backwards and forwards, one hundred times at least, in order to find out if the wind is good, for being out of breath in fighting, my boy, is not a very comfortable thing for a distressed man. Now, Jack," says Sir Dan, it being then about twelve o'clock at night, "you must go home directly, and drink half a gallon of the sourest butter-milk you can get, and then go to bed. At five o'clock, not a minute after five o'clock in the morning, you must get up, and run three or four miles, and at every mile you must swig, not whiskey, by J—s! but a quart of spring water. Mind now, Langan, do as I tell you." Jacked thanked Sir Daniel for his friendly advice, and started off to procure the butter-milk; but felt extremely mortified, after knocking up all the dairymen in the neighborhood, that he was not able to buy more than three pints. At five o'clock in the morning, although Langan had scarcely had above an hour or two of rest, he jumped out of bed to finish his [illegible] butter-milk, our hero drank a greater proportion of water. The time appointed for the fight to take place was six o'clock; but Jack, in his eagerness to train, was nearly half an hour behind his time. His antagonist was about leaving the ground, when Langan mounted the brow of a hill, in sight of the ring, quite out of breath, and dripping with perspiration, roared out as loud as he was able, "Don't go yet, man! I will be wid you in a jiffy; and I will also pay you with interest for waiting for me." The ring was again formed, and Langan, as hot as fire, prepared for action as cool as a cucumber.

Slantlea began well; he took the lead, gave Langan several clumsy thumps, and had decidedly the best of the Irish Champion for the first four rounds. He sent Langan down three times by nobbing hits; and the friends of the former laughed heartily at the idea of his paying off Slantlea for waiting for him. "You have got your master now, Jack, before you." "Be asy," replied Langan; "I have trained upon the principles of Dan Donuelly, and I am confident I shall bate my opponent; only look, I am just going to begin!" And letting fly his left hand in full force upon Slantlea's head, the latter fell down as if he had been shot. Poor Slantlea never recovered from the effects of this stunning blow; but he proved himself a game man for thirteen rounds, when he received a finisher upon his "upper works," which proved a quietus. It was over in thirty-five minutes.

A porter of the name of Dalton, employed at the Irish Custom-house—a Josh. Hudson in nature, but so fond of milling that not a fellow round the Custom-house scarcely dare look at him—challenged Langan. "By the powers of Moll Kelly," said Dalton, "he shall find he will have something more to do in bating me than he had with Slantlea." This battle took place in Gloucester-fields. Dalton pelted away like a bull-dog for four rounds, but Langan soon put an end to his ferocity in the course of three more. At the expiration of twenty-five minutes Dalton was rendered as harmless as a mouse.

Pat Halton, at this period, was called "Donnelly's boy;" in fact, he was the avowed pupil of the late Irish Knight of the Sod. Langan and Halton met at Donnelly's house, and a match was made between them to fight at Ballinden-Scorney, in the county of Wicklow. On the day appointed for the battle, a great muster of the Fancy took place; but the multitude was compelled to separate by the horse-police, and also to cross the water to form a new ring.—During the *interregnum*, Halton went into a public house, kept by one Maguire, and took a glass of liquor. When he was called out to meet Langan, he complained that the liquor he had drunk was bad, and had given him such a pain in the belly, that he was not able to fight. Langan, of course, claimed the blunt, but the stake-holder would not part with it. However, by way of some compensation to our hero, the subscription money, £19, which had been collected from the swell amateurs for their places near the ropes, was given to him. This disappointment to the Irish fancy produced "lots of grumbling," until a new match was made between them. Langan, full of gaiety, fond of company, and much caressed by his friends, [illegible] freely till his money was nearly gone, when he was suddenly called upon once more to enter the ring with Halton. Jack had not above a day to prepare himself, while, it was said, that Halton had been training upon the sly at Bray. "Devil may care," replied Langan, when he was told of it; "I am ready, even without butter-milk this time." On the Curragh of Kildare this battle took place. It is but fair to state, that the mill between Langan and Halton has been differently reported; but we are credibly informed, that the following account is a correct one:—Coady and Norman were the seconds for Halton, and Grace and a countryman for Langan. It was for £50 a side. The first five rounds were manfully contested on both sides; but upon Halton being floored by a tremendous blow on his head, he became very shy afterwards, and did not like to meet his man; he kept retreating, and getting down in the best manner he could. Upwards of sixty minutes had elapsed, and raining all the time; Halton went down from a flooring hit, and could not come to the scratch when time was called. This created a disturbance, the ring was in disorder, and when Halton came to, he said he was not licked. The backers of Langan insisted upon the money being given up; but Donnelly, whose word was law at that time, asserted that his boy had not lost the battle; and no individual being found on the ground to contradict or dispute the assertion of that mighty Chief, the parties separated very much dissatisfied at the termination of the above contest.

In a short time afterwards, Langan met with Donnelly at the Cockpit, and remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his conduct, in being the cause of withholding the stakes from our hero. Some high words passed between them, when Langan, it was thought by his friends, with more courage than prudence, thus addressed the Chief of Ireland—"I know, Dan;—no, I do not know, Dan, neither—but I think you could bate me; yet I will hold you a wager, that you do not lick me in half an hour, and I will have a turn-up with you directly in the Cockpit." Donnelly did not appear inclined for a mill; and, after considerable chaffing about the merits of the battle, Langan received the money.

Our hero was now an object of envy in the fighting circles in Dublin, and seldom standing still for a job. Carney, a boat-builder, a fine strapping fellow, and a milling cove into the bargain, challenged Jack Langan for £50 a side. It was accepted without the slightest delay; and at a place called Saggert, in the county of Wicklow, they met to decide which was the best man. Donnelly was present. Langan had for his seconds, Plunket and Malone. In [illegible] Carney, with great anxiety, asked Malone, "Doing, man?" replied Malone, "don't you know? Why Langan is one of the most industrious fellows alive; he not only manes to bate you, but afterwards to bury you; he digs graves for all the men that he fights with!" Carney turned pale at that recital; his knees trembled, and he seemed frightened almost out of his wits. His second, however, cheered him up a little by telling Carney not to mind such trash. Carney mustered up courage, and commened the battle well, and with a terrifying blow made Langan kiss his mother earth. A louder fil-la-loo from Carney's party was never heard at any fight; and he tried to repeat the dose in the second round, but Langan was too leery, and he made a tie of it with his opponent, and Carney found himself at full length upon the turf. In the third round, Langan put in such a teazer in the middle of his adversary's nob, that his eyes rolled about with anguish, the claret was flowing in torrents, and he put his hand to feel if his head had not taken flight from his shoulders, as he lay prostrate on the ground. This blow put an end to the fight; and Cummins, a potato-factor, and second to Carney, fell foul of Plunket, as a signal for a riot—the ring was broken, Langan cruelly treated, fighting with a mob, and almost cut to pieces about the head and face. Twenty thousand persons were present. By this stratagem Langan did not get a farthing for the battle, which ended in a most terrible uproar.

Langan challenged Cummins for his foul conduct, although the potato-merchant weighed fifteen stone. The latter, in answer, said he would not disgrace himself by fighting in a public ring. In the course of a month, Langan went to Palmer's-Town Fair, to buy a horse for his father, when he accidentally met with Cummins, who had several fellows with him. The potato-factor observed to Langan, "You had the impudence some time ago to challenge me; (then giving Langan a blow) there, take that for your prate." "Well," replied Jack, "I did; and only come out, and let us have fair play, and I will give you what you deserve in a few minutes." Langan and Cummins immediately repaired outside of the fair; and, although Langan was alone, in the course of ten rounds he punished Paddy Cummins so severely, that he did not forget he had been well thrashed at Palmer's-Town Fair for six months.

Owen M'Gowran, a boxer of considerable note, was now matched against Langan, on the 29th of May, 1819, for 100 guineas aside, on the Curragh of Kildare. The battle was fought in "Belcher's Valley."

## PUGILISM IN IRELAND.

GREAT PUGILISTIC COMBAT AT THE CURRAGH OF KILDARE, BETWEEN LANGAN AND M'GOWRAN.

On Wednesday, May 20th, 1819, the Grand Match which had been so much talked of among the Irish Fancy, and that had in no small degree, interested the amateurs of pugilism in Dublin, took place at the Curragh of Kildare; it was rather kept in the back-ground, and the public were not well acquainted with it, as the Fancy dreaded that the Magistrates might be crusty, and, by their interference, give a blow up to the meeting. This match, which was for something less than 100 guineas a side, was between Langan, a noted bruiser from Ballybough Bridge, and Owen M'Gowran, a native of Donnybrook, who had often displayed his prowess at their annual Fair of fight, fun, and frolic.

The crowds who assembled were very numerous; vehicles of every kind were put into requisition, and, by twelve o'clock, the Curragh exhibited as motley a group as could be imagined. The country boys from the adjacent counties, Wicklow and Kildare, who love a bit of sport of this kind, as well as the best of the Fancy, were assembled in great numbers, and all repaired to take their places at that natural and beautiful amphitheatre, now only known by the name of "Belcher's Valley:" in the centre flat, surrounded entirely by rising hills, a 24-feet ring was erected, well crowded in, the amateurs paying five shillings for front seats, while the uplands were covered with spectators. About twenty-five minutes before one o'clock, Langan entered the ring, attended by his second, Halton, with Norman as his bottle-holder; immediately after, Owen M'Gowran, attended by Kearney, the bricklayer as his second, with his bottle-holder, advanced into the scene of action. The combatants stripped, and both appeared in good condition; they shook hands with the greatest cordiality; and at 18 minutes before one o'clock the fight commenced, at minute time—betting 5 to 4 on Langan the favorite.

First round commenced with cautious sparring, each man waiting for his adversary; both made play right and left, then closed, and, after some hugging, both fell, M'Gowran under. Betting in favor of Langan.

2. Each lad advanced cautiously to meet his adversary—warily sparring: at last Langan made a feint, which gave him an opening, and he hit M'Gowran a chopper over his right eye, which not only drew first blood, but let the curtain drapery of his eye-brow fall over the eye. This blow had a great effect throughout the fight; they closed, and fell together. 8 to 2 on Langan.

3. The combatants came in with much caution, and sparred *a la distance*, as the French say; some smart hitting then took place, but not severe; the hits were now followed up until they closed and fell, Langan under.

4. Much sparring; counter-hits were exchanged, but no great punishment. M'Gowran staggered and fell.

5. Similar fighting. M'Gowran grassed, but not by a clean knock down.

6. Like the two former at the beginning: they both closed and fell Langan under. Bets still the same.

7. This might be said to commence the fight in earnest; both came in determined, and desperate hard hitting took place; each stood well up, and received and paid in prime bang-up style—no flinching. After very severe hitting they closed, and both fell, together. [illegible] the same.

8. Both stood fairly up, and fought hard. Langan seemed to have got much [illegible] of it. Bets even.

9. Both determined; they milled away rapidly, and there was good infighting, when they closed with equal advantage, and both went down together.

10. The combatants seemed cautious, from the effects of the last round, and made much play, hitting at wide distance; at last they closed more lovingly, when Langan was hit down, but not cleanly. (Cries of "Owen for ever!" from the surrounding heights.)

11. Very severe fighting, in which M'Gowran was hit down. (Cries of "Langan for ever!")

12. A most desperate rally commenced, and any science that either had heretofore shown, was here out of the question; they stood close in, and hit as hard as they could; at last they closed; both fell, M'Gowran under.

13. Came to the ground more cautiously, making play; the effects of the last round very visible on both; some counter-hiting, but weak: parted—but neither down.

14. Owen placed a most tremendous blow under the left kidney; Langan grunted, and, in a close, both fell—Langan under. (Loud cheering for Owen.) Bets in favor of M'Gowran.

15. Some severe fighting, which ended in M'Gowran's falling. Bets again even.

16. Good play on both sides; closed, and parted; set to again; much fighting, chiefly body blows. Langan hit over the ropes.

17. Langan stood to his man with spirit, placed in a dreadful facer, which again uncorked the claret from M'Gowran's mouth and nose; he then turned lapidary, and changed the cornelian round his eye to an amethyst! both down, M'Gowran under.

18. Both very queer in the bellows; closed and parted—came in again—desperate rally—parted again—time counted.

19. Both came in refreshed—made play—desperate fighting—Langan hit over the ropes, and grassed the third time. (Huzza, for Paddy M'Gowran!)

From the Twentieth to the Twenty-sixth round, similar fighting; both appeared much exhausted, and very little science displayed.

27. Much hard hitting; Langan hit over his adversary's right eye, as in the second round; M'Gowran's claret blinding him—fell much exhausted. (A shout for Langan.)

The combatants fought to the Thirty-fifth round, during which time M'Gowran was much punished. He came in time to the Thirty-sixth round; but finding that he had so rum a customer to deal with, he gave up in a manly style. The fight lasted an hour and 47 minutes, and gave much satisfaction to the Fancy.

Langan, by his conquest over M'Gowran, was placed at the top of the tree in Dublin as a pugilist. He threw down the glove to all Ireland, but no boxer thought it would fit him if he picked it up. The glove therefore remained untouched, and Langan was hailed as the Champion of the warm-hearted boys of the sod. His friends, however, wished him to have a shy in the London Ring; but while he was undecided as to his future steps, a larger field presented itself for the exertions of our hero.

Colonel Mead was raising a regiment in Dublin, to join the Independents in South America, during which time the Colonel became acquainted with Langan, and who roused in his breast so strong a sympathy for the American sons of Liberty, that Langan resolved to give his bunch of fives a holiday for a short period, and to take up the cause of the Independents with his sword.—Jack sailed from Liverpool with the above ill-fated expedition in the Charlotte Gambier brig, in company with the La Force. Langan being a gay, lively fellow, was made a serjeant, as an earnest of his patron's future intentions. During the voyage, the privations which the crew endured were extremely severe; but to the real patriotically inclined adventurer they were borne without a murmur. Those individuals who embarked to obtain wealth by their speculation, the thoughts of the gold and silver mines, these precious metals which their minds had flattered them might be had for carrying away, pursued their voyage without grumbling, in hopes that they would be paid for their troubles at last. Indeed, so strongly did the accumulation of riches operate upon some of their feelings, that several of the crew employed themselves in making of canvass bags out of old sail-cloth, to hold the dollars and doubloons.

The first place this expedition touched at was at St. Michael's. Colonel Mead, in a conversation with the British Consul, mentioned Langan as a pugilist; when the latter gentleman expressed a wish to witness an exhibition of sparring. Langan immediately complied with the request of the British Consul, and on board of the Charlotte Gambier some sets-to occurred. The superiority of Langan was so great in point of scientific movements over the hardy and brave sailors, that he disposed of five or six after the manner of an auctioneer knocking down a lot of sundries. From the Azores they sailed to Tobago. In this island Langan's brother died, who once belonged to Admiral Nelson's ship, the Victory. The brother of Langan was on board when the gallant Admiral died at Aboukir Bay.

The expedition then made for the Island of St. Marguerite, which was made the depot, but more correctly speaking, the grave of the European troops. Landed at St. Marguerite, the anticipations of wealth and glory vanished in an instant, and the crew might well exclaim:—

"Where now are all my flattering dreams of joy!"

The true picture presented itself. A wretched, ragged, half-starved population, in want of food to satisfy their own appetites, and a coin scarcely any thing to drink but stagnant water. It can excite no astonishment that Langan, for the first time in his life, wished himself back in Mud Island [illegible] of the food, and the unwholesomeness of the climate together, the ranks were [illegible] procession entered. The setter-up (Fleming by name) was dressed much in the same manner, but he appeared less attenuated than young Nash, (the name of the young man I have just mentioned.) He certainly was not so smart a fellow, but there was an honesty and a neatness in his manner and look which very much pleased me. The chuckle of the cock in the one bag was answered deeply and savagely from the other, and the straw seemed spurned in the narrow cell, as though the spirit that struck it would not be contained.

"Nash's bag was carefully untied, and Nash himself took out one of the handsomest birds I ever beheld. I must have leave to try *my* hand at a description of a game cock!

"He was a red and black bird, slim, masculine, trimmed, yet with feathers glossy, as though the sun shone only upon his nervous wings. His neck arose out of the bag, snakelike, terrible, as if it would stretch upward to the ceiling; his body followed, compact, strong, and beautiful, and his long, dark-blue, sinewy legs came forth, clean, handsome, shapely, determined, iron-like! The silver spur was on each heel, of an inch and a half in length, tied on in the most delicate and neat manner. His large vigorous beak showed aquiline, eagle-like; and his black, dilating eyes took in all around him, and shone so intensely brilliant that they looked like jewels. Their light was that of thoughtful, sedate, and savage courage. His comb was cut close, his neck trimmed, his wings clipped, pointed and strong. The feathers on his back were of the very glossiest red, and appeared to be the only ones which were left untouched; for the tail was docked triangularwise, like a hunter's. The gallant bird clucked defiance, and looked as if he 'had in him something dangerous.' Nash gave him to Fleming, who held him up above his head, examined his beak, his wings, his legs, while a person read to him the description of the bird from paper, and upon finding all correct, he delivered the rich-feathered warrior back to Nash, and proceeded to produce his own bird for a similar examination.

"But I must speak of the senior Nash, the old man, the feeder. When again may I have an opportunity of describing him?—and what ought a paper upon 'cocking' to be accounted worth, if it fail to contain some sketch, however slight, of old Nash? He wore a smock-frock, and was clumsily though potently built; his shoulders being ample, and of a rotundity resembling a wool-pack. His legs were not equal to his bulk. He was unconversational almost to a fault, and never made the slightest remark that did not appertain to cocks and cocking. His narrow, damp, colorless eye, twinkled a cold satisfaction when a bird of promise made good work on the mat; and sometimes, though seldom, he was elevated into the proffer of a moderate bet, but generally he leaned over the rails of a small gallery, running parallel with his coop, and stooping attentively toward the pit, he watched the progress of the battle. I made a remark to Tom and Mr. D——, that I thought him extremely like a cock. Tom was intent upon Fleming,

*Concluded on Fourth Page.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE COCKPIT.

THE ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF COCKING.

[Concluded.]

"There was a tall, sallow-faced, powdered man standing below us. He took snuff industriously, wore very yellow leathern breeches, very brown aged top-boots, and a black coat of the *same* color. He was sixty years of age if he was a month, and I never saw a dull man so enlivened as he was with this betting hour, and the approaching warfare. He had a word for every one near him, and a restlessness which would not allow him to wait for answers. I found that he was a hackney-coach proprietor, and that cockfighting was his only amusement. He thought playing at cards a waste of time—a disgraceful kind of gambling—and he could not endure the barbarities of a man-fight, which he called "seeing two human creatures knock each other to pieces for other people's sport." Cockfighting was the only game! He was steady in his business, when no cockfight was on the carpet, and idle and taciturn in a public house parlor at nights.—But in the pit he was at home. Sovereigns were golden dust, which blew about in the breath of his opinion; and he rose into perfect life only in the presence of "a Shropshire Red," or a "Ginger Pile!"

"Nearly opposite to this person was a very orderly, quiet, respectably-dressed man, with a formal, low-crowned, broad brimmed hat, a black suit of clothes, and a dark silk umbrella. He was trying to look demure and unmoved; but I was told that he was a clergyman, and that he would be 'quite up in the stirrups' when the cocks were brought in. He forced himself to be at ease; but I saw his small, hungry, hazel eyes quite in a fever, and his hot, thin, vein-embossed hand, rubbing the unconscious nob of his umbrella in a way to awaken it from the dead—and yet all the time he was affecting the uninterested, incu-

# The New York Clipper,

*A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER,*

DEVOTED TO

*THE RING, THE TURF, YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM, CRICKET, ROWING MATCHES, THEATRICALS, MUSIC,*

And the various sports of the

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SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1854.

Harrison Trent, PROPRIETOR. } Frank Queen, EDITOR.


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### Answers to Correspondents.

☞ We pay no attention to correspondents whose letters are not post-paid.

*George Speed*, Cleveland.—Thank you—$5 received. Your papers are regularly sent.

*Eye Witness*, as you will see by referring to communication.

*C K J*—A correspondent writes that he has a complete file of the first volume of the Clipper which he will dispose of for $3—one money to be sent to our office.

*J. W. Bastardo*, Paterson.—Lyon has sold but few of his Gift tickets, and we do not think his enterprise will terminate satisfactorily to ticket holders.

*J G.*, Alleghany.—We do not know the proposed date.

*Sporter*.—James Trainer was born in 1828—he was defeated by Hoiles, the Spider.

*A Friend*.—The British frigate Guerriere was captured on the 19th of August, 1812.

*R S*, Boston.—We have no record of the North Star having walked seven miles in 1 hour

*Thompson*.—The bird having gone without the bounds, it is a lost one.

*Joseph Keen*, Philadel'a.—We think Porter, the mail robber, was hung at Bush Hill, Philadelphia, in the summer of 1829.

*Ajax*.—Morrissey was born in Ireland.

*O. P. Q.*, Baltimore.—Ben Caunt is about 6 fee 2½ inches in height.

*W. B.*, Saratoga.—WHIST.—The seven could not be recalled.

*Ignoramus*.—A stone is 14 lbs.

*John St John*.—We believe the best time made in running a quarter mile was 49 seconds.

*Wells*, Albany.—The battle of John Alto was fought on the 8th of May, 1846; Resaca de la Palma on the day following.

*Know Nothing*.—The Spider is about 5 ft. 2½ inches in height. We do not know that a match is being made between the Spider and Alf. Walker.

*S T. S.*—We believe Palo Fitch was the first to apply steam, as a motive power, to vessels in this country.

*Old Times*.—General Jackson died on the 8th of June, 1845.

*Henry P*——.—"Will you please publish in the CLIPPER the words of the much admired song of "Jordan am a hard road to travel," as I cannot procure them in this city." There have been so many different versions of this song published and sung, that we hardly know which is the correct one. However, in another column you will perceive the latest version, peculiarly applicable to recent financial operations.

*Jumping Tom*.—"Where can I find a good teacher of sparring, and what are the terms" Mr Molineaux can "knock science into you." You can learn his terms by calling upon him at 146 Concord street, Brooklyn.

*F. S. C*, Boston.—"Where can I obtain the Life and Battles of Yankee Sullivan, in this city" Probably Federhen & Co. No. 9 and 13 Court street, have it for sale. Try them.

*Olympic*, Pittsburgh.—"Boxiana" is made of "fighting stuff" and contains reports of most of the battles fought in England up to the year 1828.

### Jemmy Trainor.

We do not see by what rule Jemmy Trainor refuses to meet "Young Pete" for the sum of $200. The highest he ever fought for in England was £50 a side and that was with Hoiles the Spider. He frequently fought for £25 aside, and we see no good reason why he should refuse the sum of $200 a side. Does he mean to ape the actions of some of the self-made heroes? We think not.

### A Few Hints.

During the present season when every person is liable to be affected in a greater or lesser degree, by the prevailing disease, it should be the aim of public journalists to promulgate whatever information they may possess relative to the best method to preserve the general health. One thing which should be particularly attended to, is the having a constant supply of fresh air in your bed-chamber. It has been a great mistake to sleep in rooms having no ventilation. No outward air is so unwholesome as the unchanged air, often breathed, of a close chamber. As boiling water does not grow hotter by longer boiling, if the particles that receive heat can escape, so living bodies do not putrify, if the particles, as fast as they become putrid, can be thrown off. Nature expels them by the pores of the skin and the lungs; and in a free open air they are carried off; but in a close room we receive them again and again, though they become more corrupt. A number of persons crowded into a small room, thus spoil the air in a few minutes, and even render it mortal, as in the Black Hole at Calcutta. A single person is said to spoil a gallon of air per minute, and therefore requires a long time to spoil a chamberful. It is done, however, in proportion, and many prutrid disorders hence have their origin. Give yourselves plenty of fresh air, therefore, in your sleeping apartments, if you wish to be free from disease.

Again, as to your food. In general, since the improvements in cooking, mankind eat about twice as much as nature requires. Suppers are not bad, if you have not dined; but restless nights naturally follow hearty suppers, after full dinners. Alarming diseases originate from eating too hearty just previous to retiring to bed. To preserve health, it is necessary to be temperate in all things, and take a moderate degree of exercise; we would remark that walking affords the best. Exercise should precede meals not follow them, at least not follow for some time. The first *promotes*, whilst the latter, unless moderate, *obstructs* digestion.

In your diet, be careful what you partake of. Beef, mutton, and ham are the best meats to digest. Eschew all fatty substances. Fruits, perfectly ripe, can be partaken of, but not too ravenously. Fermented liquors should not be indulged in, and alcoholic beverages but sparingly. These rules apply to al. seasons, but more particularly during an epedemic.

In short, be temperate in all things—keep your mind employed as much as possible—give yourself plenty of fresh air whilst sleeping, and, lastly, throw "physic to the dogs."

### [illegible]

The crisis is at hand. The exorbitant rents demanded by landlords for the past five or six years have had the effect to ruin thousands of our best business men. We see the end of all this, however, at the present time. Go where you will throughout this mighty city, and empty stores and dwellings meet your gaze, with little bills stuch upon doors and windows, &c., having inscribed on them "This house to let," "This business stand to lease," &c., &c. The increase from year to year, of 100 and 200 per cent. on rents, could not but have the effect of eventually crushing those who were forced to submit to such extortionate demands. Many business men have established themselves in other cities, where rents are cheaper, and business equally as good as it is in this city. Next year rents must fall. The interest of all classes of the community demand it—the welfare and future prosperity of the city demand it. and we believe the time has now arrived for the people to take a decided stand in this matter, and oppose any further increase in rents. It is as much as a poor man can do, as rents are at present, to provide the necessaries of life for his family. Let public opinion speak out, and landlords will be compelled to submit.

### Beware of them.

Let us advise our readers to beware of self-made heroes. It has been the custom, for years long past, for individuals to assume to themselves the right of being heroes, champions, &c. We have been gulled by such individuals long enough. We have just had the veil torn from our gaze, and we now understand how to look upon self-made champions, as they are in their true light. Americans, according to these transported heroes, have no men among them capable of performing any feats of pedestrianism or pugilism, to be compared with imported champions. We have never yet had a challenge offered by these self-made things, which has not been accepted, and what is much better, our domestic manufacture has invariably had the best of it. We are not, like our transatlantic brethren, given much to bragging, but when it comes to the pinch, we "are that;" we convince these importations that their bullying is of no account; their self-laudations vanish into thin air when the day of trial arrives, and that our poor, miserable, American sons of ——, as these importations style them, are in the front rank, and that they hold supremacy over the importations from the great City, and can beat them at their will.

We say beware of matches soon to come off. American citizens, whether of native or of foreign birth, beware how you invest your money. We believe we can name the winners.

### The Horse Fever

[illegible] since the late races, [illegible] have aroused [illegible] ces of [illegible] community. Each individual im[illegible] that he can get less than 2:40 out [illegible] comte's 7.26 is booke[illegible] certainty. Our livery [illegible] are reaping a fine harvest [illegible] effects of this horse fever, for [illegible] an extremely difficult matter to hire a horse without making application a week before hand. Of course every horse in the stable is a fast one, warranted to beat anything on the road; perfectly sound in wind, and, in fact, the very devil to go. How many of our fast young men are disappointed in the nag they put their *trust* in, it would be entirely out of place to mention here, or how often stable-keepers are disappointed in the fast going men they put *their trust* in, it would be equally absurd to mention. We remember, a short time since, meeting a friend on the Jamacia Plank Road, who had become so utterly disgusted with the "going qualities" of a "fast horse" he had "borried," that he had actually alighted from the vehicle, and was leading his horse along. This was a horse warranted to *stand without hitching*. He did nothing else but *stand*.

The horse fever at the present time resembles the mania prevailing in Virginia many years since. Then, as now, a racer, a horse, or light wagon, was often an object of greater attraction with persons afflicted with the fever, than a wife or sweet-heart. We remember an anecdote told us by an old friend, which will give an idea of the height to which the fever attained in those days. A literary gentleman, who had but a short time before read the Roman history, spent an evening with a company whose conversation seemed to perplex him dreadfully. Our friend knew nothing about horses, while the balance of the company "did'nt know any thing else!" A debate about the pedigree of a race horse having been started, one of the disputants, supposing everybody to be "posted up" in "horse flesh," appealed to the literary man, saying, "Was not Jupiter the sire of Emperor?" "Which of the Roman Emperors do you mean," said our literary friend, his head filled with the Romish history he had been reading. "Poh, you fool," said the other, "I mean Col. B.'s bay horse Emperor."—Just so it is at present. Every body "talks horse;" go where you will, snatches of conversation may be caught up, such as "brown mare," "my pile on the sorrel," "2.37½;" "never broke once;" "black gelding;" "couldn't hold him in;" &c, &c. If you can't "talk horse," you're a foo-foo, you might as well be on "the other side of Jordan." How long this horse [illegible] no means of judging; but, like all fevers, when once they obtain headway [illegible] think the horse fever will be as difficult to *break* as a young colt.

However the sporting world is satisfied [illegible] "rest of mankind," with a[illegible] outsiders, will have to learn to "talk horse," if only for the "ease of creation."

### E. P. Christy.

After a long and successful career in the Negro Minstrelsy business, Mr. E. P. Christy, the originator of this style of entertainment in New York, has retired into private life, to enjoy the fortune, accumulated during a period of eight years, devoted to the establishment of Ethiopian Minstrelsy in the Metropolis of America. Without the aid and encouragement of Mr. Christy, this style of amusement would have passed away years ago; but, owing to the energy and enterprise enlisted in the matter by Mr. Christy, he succeeded in firmly establishing in our midst one of the most popular amusements ever introduced to the notice of the public. Whether Mr. Christy intends at some future time to favor the public with a repetition of the popular and amusing entertainments originated by him, we do not know; but, if he should so determine, we promise the patrons of the "great original," a treat of no ordinary merit.

### The License Law.

There is great partiality exercised in granting of licenses in certain portions of this city. Where Americans and Irishmen are denied, licenses are granted to Englishmen without discrimination. This is not the way to administer the law in this city, and we caution the authorities to examine well the references of certain inn-keepers before they grant them licenses. By the time the present season expires, we shall point out certain individuals whose houses are of no benefit to the community.—They are rendezvous of individuals whose absence would be a benefit to the community. We shall keep our eye upon them. Let the Excise Commissioners keep on the look-out.

### Morrissey's Trial.

The Boston Atlas, July 13, says:—The Grand Jury of Berkshire county prepared a bill against John Morrissey, for his part in the late disgraceful Boston Four Corners prize fight, on the 8th inst. He was brought into Court and pleaded guilty. His voluntary surrender and good behavior since the fight were urged in extenuation, but, in accordance with the statute, he was sentenced to pay a fine of $1,200, or suffer imprisonment in the State Prison 16 months. The fine was paid, and Morrissey discharged. Sullivan's bondsmen were defaulted on the same day.

### Impositions in Sporting.

NEW-YORK, July 15, 1854.

MR. EDITOR—I felt pleased in looking over your paper this week, to notice that you have come out against the too-much indulged in practice of humbugging the public, so common in sporting affairs. I hope you will continue to show up all such impositions. It is high time something was done in this if we wish to see sporting take rank in America. Though you may meet with opposition from those whom you expose, rest assured you will receive the support of all honest dealing men. I have been a constant attendant on sporting events, and have seen not a little of the frauds you referred to. It is to be hoped that hereafter we may be able to participate in matches without the certainty of being diddled.

Yours, J. P.

We thank J. P. for his good wishes, and shall continue to point out frauds whenever we shall be satisfied that they exist. So that we retain the good opinion of the honest portion of the sporting world we can rest content.

### "Try it On."

From the Albany Evening Journal, July 4.

The person who made his threats that he would horsewhip the editor of this paper last evening, is informed that whenever and wherever he feels inclined to test the virtue of such a remedy he can have the pleasure of meeting us. The place for the attack was to have been the theatre, and as the assailant, and the to-be-assailed were both present and the grand scene did not take place, we presume it was thought best to "let out the job." Now, once for all, if this man or his contemptible ally dare to interfere with us in any way, shape, or manner, we shall take such measures to defend ourselves as we consider the occasion may require. We are not a street-brawler, and should regret very much to disgrace ourselves by any hostile meeting, particularly with the persons in question, but if they wish to engage in a pastime, all we have to say is, they had better "try it on."

We have a lot of such contemptible puppies in this city, who, while they threaten, dare not put their threats in practice. We have a certain individual in our mind's eye at present, who, should he again attempt what he attempted a few days since, will find himself put out of the way of doing mischief in this country in future. Let him take heed.

### The North Star.

New-York July 15.

MR. EDITOR—I noticed in your paper a few weeks since that a pedestrain match had been made between an English Pedestrian and the North Star of Canada. You also advised persons to be careful how they invested their money. Do I understand by this that there is any underhand game going on? I am a person indulging in the sports of this city, and if there is anything illegitimate in the match in question, I would like to be informed thereon. Knowing that a "pile of money" was lost by the underhand game in the mile race lately performed on the Union Course Long Island. I do not wish [illegible] things are pro[illegible] unless I [illegible] ight. Please inform me in your next. Yours,

T. J——

We gave our opinion in the article you refer to. We have learned nothing since to induce us to alter the opinion then expressed. Is this sufficient?

### Richard P. Robinson.

A correspondent of the Daily Times, in giving an account of the execution of Michael Jennings, at New-Haven, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Bradley, says:

"Upon leaving the prison yard, I was much surprised to see RICHARD P. ROBINSON, of ELLEN JEWETT memory, walking with a lady on either side of him. He seems in good health and is said to be a wealthy citizen of Texas."

### Sparring.

The warm weather puts a stop to this manly pastime, for it is a hard matter to get together an audience in the small, ill-ventilated rooms devoted to such exhibitions in this city. Aside from this, the heat places it out of the power of sparrers to exert themselves, or to use much effort to plesse. On the opening of the next season we may look for some rare sport in the sparring line.

### A Desperate Game Cock.

A remarkable instance of the daring of a game cock lately occurred at Melton Mowbray to a young man named Hill. He was endeavoring to catch a hen, when the cock flew at him from a wall, striking one of his spurs into his neck just behind the right ear, while with the other spur he cut his left eyebrow nearly off. Hill was knocked down, and from the great quantity of blood which flowed, it was at first apprehended that the jugular vein had been cut.

### Fall Races.

The Fall Races are to take place in September, on the National Course, Long Island.

### Astonishing.

No reward has yet been offered for the arrest of the *wholesale thief* Schuyler. Verily aristocratic swindlers cannot be held amenable to our laws. Common thieves only are punished.

### John Daniel.

A Boston paper says: The celebrated Ethiopean burlesque dancer, undertook to commit suicide in Boston, on Wednesday morning last, by throwing himself into the Frog Pond, on the Common. He was fortunately discovered in time to be rescued.

### Novel Wager.

The San Francisco Commercial Advertiser tells us that a match race was to have come off on the 4th of July, on Eel river, between Mr. Malony's trotting horse "Jim," and Dr. Felt's mare, "Lightfoot." The purse contended for—the most singular we have yet heard of—is three thousand pounds of *potatoes!*

Well, with a good *steak* the Murphies wouldn't be bad to take.

### Respect for the Sabbath.

An exchange paper says—Mr. R. Ten Broeck has just advertised that he will run his horse Lexington at New Orleans on the second of April next, provided it is not on Sunday, then on the 3d of April, against any horse, betting $10,000 to $12,000. This is admirable on account of its marked respect for Sunday. So great was his anxiety not to violate that holy day, that he would not depend on almanacs, or calculation, as to when it would happen, and so he stipulates expressly, that if anything should be done by our remark able Congress or any other body of men to make the 2d of April Sunday, contrary to the present laws of astronomy, he will not be taken in to profane that day Wait, says he, till the 2d of April arrives, and then we will see whether it is Sunday or not.

There is so little dependence to be placed in weather calculations of almanac makers, that it is no wonder Mr. Ten Broeck felt a little dubious about trusting to their assertions, as to what day the 2d of April would fall upon.

### Cockfighting.

We conclude in this number an interesting article on Cockfighting. The antiquity of this sport cannot be doubted. for in a letter written at Sheffield, England, in May, 1546, by Sir Henry Sailte, and addressed to a relative, the following passage occurs:—"And of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, there is appointed a great number of gentlemen to meet at cocks, at Sheffield, where I intend, God willing, to be. And ye shall see all our good cocks fight if it please you, and see the manner of our cocking. There will be Lancashire of one part, and Derbyshire of another part, and Hallamshire of the third part. I perceive your cocking varieth from ours, for ye lay but the battle; and if our battle be but £10 to £5, there will be £10 to £1 lay, or (ere) the lead battle be ended.

### Regatta at Hoboken.

A regatta for sail boats of 28 feet and under will take place on Monday next. The boats will start from opposite the Atlantic Hotel, Hoboken, and sail a distace of 20 miles. Several purses will be given to the winning boats.

### Bullies.

A certain "importation" has attempted to bully us into his way of thinking, but having failed in this, we do not know what his course may next be. We advise him, however, and his satellites, to beware how they violate the law in this country, or they may be provided with lodgings free of expense. Do they understand.

### Home Manufactures.

Mr. Barnum has just succeeded in [illegible] which promise to outdo the famous Siamese twins. Had Mr. B. been a little earlier in his endeavors, he might have received a medal for the best specimen of domestic manufacture.

### Jack Langan.

We commence on the first page of this No. the Life and Battles of Jack Langan, one of Ireland's Champions.

## THE RING.

### Another Prize Fight.

Thomas F. Meagher and J. A. McMaster had a lively and spirited set-to on Tuesday last. The preliminaries had been arranged so quietly, that very few persons were aware of the intended battle. The spot selected for the mill was in Sixth street, near First Avenue—a very eligible site for such displays. At the appointed time, both gladiators appeared, looking in tip-top condition, more especially Meagher, whose travels, for the purpose of training, brought him to the scratch in the best possible condition. Each man was accompanied by a second and bottle holder, who knew their business well, and were up to the ropes.

The day was beautiful, though rather too warm for pugilistic displays. However, the men being up to fever heat themselves, did'nt mind the weather, but began to peel at once for the dreadful combat.

THE MEN.

Meagher looked superbly—so did his adversary—the fire seemed to shoot from their eyes, as they caught the first glance of each other, and victory or death were the thoughts uppermost in their minds. At about half-past 4 o'clock, everything being in readiness, the men approached the scratch for

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1. It was a sight not often witnessed—two such distinguished champions of the Ring contending, not for money, but for right, and to see which was the the best man, to ascertain on whose brow shall be placed the crown of victory. Once seen it can never be forgotten. They there stood face to face in the bright light of the noon-day sun, with no other weapons in their hands but those nature endowed them with. (Our devil says this is a lie.) On meeting they did not shake hands, as is the custom in Ring Fighting, but at once commenced manoeuvreing for the advantage. Caution was the word on both sides, neither man being willing to give a chance away. Five minutes elapsed in dodging and feinting, hauling off, and letting alone, when, of a sudden, and as quick as lightning, Meagher caught Mac with his face towards the blazing sun; seeing which he, Meagher, made a dash and *caught Mac in Chancery*. ("Beautiful, beautiful," cried the bystanders. "All New York against Cony Island on the Australian.") Mac endeavored to extricate himself from his unpleasant situation, but the more he struggled the tighter became the grip. Meagher all this time was putting in his one, two, three, over and over again, on the unprotected mug of poor Mac, who had not the ghost of a chance. He finally slipped down, and thus terminated the round. This round occupied twenty-four minutes.

ROUND 2.—On time being called the men obeyed the call with alacrity. Mac. showed the severe punishment he had received in the last round—his left eye was in mourning, and the place where he enters his "daily bread" looked rather the worse for wear. He was all game, however, and appeared anxious to begin the fnn. Meagher. with the cunning of Yankee Sullivan, tried to get Mac. in the glare of the sun, but the latter was not to be caught again—he had enough of the chancery suit. Beautiful sparring now took place, each combatant shewing his complete knowledge of the Art of Self-Defence—now Mac. stopping a well-meant blow, now Meagher getting in lightly. ("Go to work," from outsiders.) Mac. Master, in obedience to the call, made up for work, and sent in a regular Paixhan shot, catching Meagher over the right eye, *drawing first blood*. McMaster endeavored to repeat, but was clinched by his adversary, and a tremendous struggle took place for the fall—("Go it, Australian," "Mind your eye, Mac," from the crowd.) Desperate, indeed, were the exertions to obtain the mastery—for it was thought that the result of the battle depended upon this round. Thirteen minutes and three quarters had now elapsed—Meagher, seeing his antagonist getting weak, gave his leg a peculiar crook, only known to himself, and threw McMaster the worst fall we ever witnessed, falling with his weight full upon McMaster's body, and almost knocking the breath out of him, *kerchug*.

On time being called, it was found that McMaster was insensible, his head rolling from side to side. At this juncture, the police made their appearance, and marched off the whole crowd to the station house, where the principals were bound over in $500 each to keep the peace.

REMARKS.

We have not space to say much in reference to the *abilities* displayed by the above men. McMaster has held the Championship of Ireland for a long period, but has finally been compelled to yield to a member of the Young Ireland party. We hope the latter will uphold the honor of the Prize Ring, as well as his predecessor has done. The fight was desperate while it lasted, and *reflects great credit* on principals as well as seconds.

### Fight on Long Island.

A Ring Fight for $25 aside, between Tom Minehan, and Ned McGarry, took place in the vicinity of Newton, L. I., on Sunday the 9th inst. McGarry was seconded by Ned Hogan and Patsy Kiernan, while Jack Stewart and Harry Lindon did the needful for Tom Minehan. The fight, according to the report sent to us, was a tough one, both men receiving much punishment. McGarry frequently slipped down without a blow, but the referree allowed the fight to go on. Neither man had much advantage in the way of giving and receiving. Twenty-nine rounds were fought, McGarry towards the last slipping down every round. At the 29th round Minehan left the ring without any decision been given by the referee—by doing which it was decided he had lost the battle. Time occupied 1 hour and 22 minutes. Minehan weighs 13 stone, and is 5 feet 11½ inches in height. McGarry weighs 10 stone 2 pound, and stands 5 feet 10.

### The Match with Trainor.

We stated a few weeks since that a letter had been sent to Jemmy Trainor, challenging him to make a match to fight for $300 or $500 aside. Mr. Trainor immediately replied, through the Clipper, signifying his willingness to meet and fight in four months for the amount named. He also requested articles to be sent to him. From the following letter it appears that the person sending the challenge has receded from his first proposition and now wishes to make the stakes $200 aside:—

BOSTON, July, 11, 1854.

MR. QUEEN—

*Dear Sir*:—I am very much surprised at a letter I have received, since your last, from a person named ———, proposing to fight me for the sum of two hundred dollars.

From what I can judge he is the person who challenged me in your paper the week before last. ——— knows that this stake is too small for me to fight for. If he cannot raise more than two hundred dollars, he can find plenty of men to fight him for that sum, worse men than I am.

I am prepared to fight any man in the United States, from 110 to 114 lbs. for any sum from five hundred dollars upwards. I will give reasonable expenses for any person to come to Boston to make a match, or I will take the same and go to any place named. I want a match and nothing else.

Yours, Respectfully,
JAMES TRAINOR.

The following is the letter to J. Trainor:—

NEW-YORK, July 8, 1854.

MR. TRAINOR—

*Sir*:—Please to send me an answer by return of post if you agree to my proposals for the enclosed temporary articles, and if it will be convenient for you to attend at Mr. Lazarus's on the night named to make a second deposit. If this does not suit please draw out articles yourself. I think myself $200 aside is quite sufficient for a man to raise who has never fought before. When you write please address me as above. I have a particular desire to keep my name out of the papers as it might do me a serious injury.

Yours obediently, ———

### To Harry Gribbon.

NEW YORK, July 17, 1854.

*To the Editor of the New-York Clipper*:

SIR:—As Mr. Gribbon and I cannot come to terms at present, I hope that you will be kind enough, through the medium of your very valuable paper, to insert the following:—That I, John E. Taylor, am ready and willing to fight any man in the United States at 146 or 148 lbs. weight, for from $300 to $500 a side. Any man who feels inclined to accept the challenge, by calling at Mr. J. Sullivan's, No. 82½ Chatham street, can learn all particulars, and if he will name his time Mr. Taylor will meet him there and be prepared to make a match, or if that does not suit him Mr. Taylor will meet him any place he likes to name. Yours truly,

J. E. TAYLOR, of Boston.

### Taylor and Blackwood.

NEW YORK, July 17, 1854.

MR. QUEEN, Sir:—I am surprised at seeing in your columns a challenge from a man styling himself Mr. Blackwood, to fight me at 144 lbs. weight. I did offer to fight him at 144 lbs., but I never mentioned anything about catch weight and that he well knows. He also knows there can be no match made in Boston, for the authorities would take notice of it immediately; but I am willing and ready to fight him at any time he may think fit, for $500 a side, and to show him I don't mean blowing, if he cannot raise the money I will fight him for one cent, or $500 any time he likes.

Yours truly,
JOHN E. TAYLOR.

## PEDESTRIANISM.

### The Walking Match.

We do not know how much money is actually in the hands of the stake holder in the contemplated walking match Ten dollars were first placed in our hands, which we returned, and a new stake holder was appointed. We saw $16 staked on the match, nothing more—$10 by the North Star, $6 by his competitor. This is the only money we know of having been placed in the hands of the stake holder. Our readers may judge for themselves of the result of this match. We have nothing further to say in the matter.

## Rifle-Shooting.

### Great Rifle Match.

The Mobile Register gives the following results of the $2,000 rifle match between two gentlemen of that city:

| Mr. S. | No. Inches. |
|---|---|
| 1 | ½ |
| 2 | ½ : 16th. |
| 3 | ½ : 16th. |
| 4 | ½ : 16th. |
| 5 | ½ : 16th. |
| 6 | 1 : 8th. |
| Mr. E. M. | No Inches. |
| 1 | [illegible] |
| 2 | ½ : 16th. |
| 3 | ½ : 16th. |
| 4 | ½ : 16th. |
| 5 | ½ : 16th. |
| 6 | 1 : ½. |

Bets were high. Mr. S. was again declared the winner, by three-eighths of an inch. The issue would have been different, if the parties had agreed to measure from centre to centre; as it was they measured from the break of the balls, and Mr. S—'s gun carrying about fifty to the pound, while his opponent's, double that number, gave him decidedly the advantage.

### Pistol Shooting.

EXTRAORDINARY PROPOSITION.

We clip the following challenges from our exchanges. The two latter, it will be perceived, are intended as answers to the former, but they do not come to the point. We should have preferred to have had Messrs. Suydam or Travis meet the propositions of the St. Louis gentlemen, before starting new ones. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Pack will accept either of the challenges offered him until a suitable reply is given to the one offered by him. Come, gentlemen, no skulking from an enemy's fire. Face the music, or acknowledge the corn:

PISTOL SHOOTING—CHALLENGE.

Owing to the frequent and urgent solicitations of many of my friends, I am induced to make the following propositions:

1. I will fit a dollar to the end of a twig two inches long, and while a second person will hold the other end in his mouth, so as to bring the coin within an inch and a half of his face I engage to strike the dollar three times out of five at the distance of ten paces or thirty feet. I will add in explanation, that there are several persons willing and ready to hold the twig or stick as described above, when required.

2. I will hit a dollar tossed in the air, or any other object of the same size, three times out of five, *on a wheel and fire*.

3. At the word, I will split three balls out of five on a knife blade, placed at the distance of thirty feet.

4. I will hit three birds out of five, sprung from the trap, standing thirty feet from the trap when shooting.

5. I will break, at the word, five common clay pipe stems out of seven at the distance of thirty feet.

6. I engage to prove, by a fair trial, that no pistol shot can be produced who will shoot an apple off a man's head, at the distance of thirty feet oftener than I can. Moreover, I will produce two persons willing and ready to hold the apple on their heads for me, when required to do so.

7. I will wager, lastly, that no person in the United States can be produced who will hit a quarter of a dollar at the distance of thirty feet, oftener than I can, *on a wheel and fire*.

I am willing to bet $5,000 on any of the above propositions, one fourth of that amount forfeit. So soon as any bet will be closed, the money shall be deposited in the Bank of the State of Missouri, until paid over by the judges, or with drawn, less forfeit. I will give the best and most satisfactory references that my share will be forthcoming when any of my propositions are taken up. Any one desiring to take up any of my propositions must address me by letter through the St. Louis Post Office as the advertisements or notices of newspapers might not meet my eye. Propositions will be received until the first of September.

EDMUND W. PAUL,
140 Sixth street, between Franklin and Morgan street, St. Louis, Mo.

CAPT. EDMUND W. PAUL.—Dear Sir—Having noticed your challenge for a Pistol Shooting in yesterday morning's Republican, you may use my name as ready to hold the coin as mentioned in Proposition No. 1. or the apple mentioned in Proposition No. 6.

Your ob't. servant,
CHAS. D. ST. VRAIN.

PROPOSITION TO MR. EDWARD W. PAUL.

Mr. S. A. Suydam, (of New York city,) will wager $2 000 or more, on half forfeit, that Mr. Paul, (of St. Louis) cannot hit the ordinary size target of iron man, (in a room,) at 10 paces, (30 feet,) oftener than he (S. A. Suydam) each party to shoot with a pistol of shots, at the word "one;" either party shooting after the word "one," to be considered as having missed the mark, the word to be given in one second. Each party to choose one friend, and the two together to choose a third, whose (3) names are to be shaken together in a hat, and the one drawn (by any disinterested person upon whom both parties can agree) is to be the judge, from whose decision there shall be no appeal. To match to come off in the City or County of New-York, one month after the date of the acceptance of this proposition.

CHALLENGE TO MR. EDWARD W. PAUL.
ST. LOUIS, Mo.

I will shoot with you four matches as follows:

1st. One match at 15 paces (45 feet) deliberate aim, twenty shots each, (string measurement,) for $5 0.

2nd. One match at 20 paces, (60 feet) at deliberate aim, twenty shots each, (string measurement,) for $500.

3d. One match at 40 paces (150 feet) at deliberate aim, twenty shots each, (string measurement,) for $500.

4th. One match at 75 paces (225 feet) twenty shots each, (string measurement), for $500.

String measurement to be from centre of ball to centre of target. The match to come off on the Metairie race course, New Orleans, two matches each day, two consecutive days in the first week in January, 1855. Each match to be for half forfeit; the forfeit to be deposited before 15th of November next. The arrangements to be made in the usual manner.

A premium of $250 will be given for shooting these matches upon the terms above offered.

As to shooting "apples from a man's head," that is "a trick of the trade." When Mr. Paul shall have accomplished that feat in public, I shall be ready to meet his "propositions" on that score.

New-York, July, 1854. JOHN [illegible]

### The Wholesale Swindler.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

BY FRANK QUEEN

AIR—"*The other side of Jordan.*"

My friends come hear me tell
Of mishaps that just befell
A man, of whom you doubtless all have heard
Who in a moment rash,
Thought to cut a mighty dash,
And "go into the other side of Jordan"

CHORUS.

So he put on his coat,
And laughed in his sleeve,
Jordan's a nice road to travel,
So he put on his coat,
And laughed in his sleeve,
Jordan's a nice road to travel, I believe.

This man was so well known,
And in *high circles* shone,
That suspicion of him never breathed a word
on—
So they made him President
Of a road that many went,
(Through Norwalk,) to the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

So he put on his coat, &c.

*Bob Schuyler* laughed in glee,
To think that such as he
With his *rail road stock* should have to
burden,
So to give himself more ease
His pen he quick did seize,
And sent *two millions* to the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

So he put on his coat, &c.

Things went along so nice,
And no one missed this slice,
That Bob seemed by some spirit spurred on,
So he went and joined the *Harlem*,
Though he did'nt mean to snarl 'em,
Merely help them to the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

So he put on his coat, &c.

And so things moved along,
None supposing ought was wrong,
With a man whom *financiers* concurred in,
But *Bob*, to meet the shocks,
Kept *issuing shares of stock*
For the rail road, on the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

So he put on his coat, &c.

But suddenly a crash,
That sent everything to smash,
Was on the wings of buzzing rumor borne on
When *New Haven*, *Harlem*, all,
Experienced such a *fall*
That they *felt it* on the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

So he put on his coat, &c.

All *Wall street* was in tears,
'Mid doubt, 'mid rage and fears
With this unexpected *shave* to them conferred
And many left "the street,"
Thinking Schuyler they would meet,
And "settle," on the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

So he put on his coat, &c.

But poor Bob was "ill in bed,
With a fever," *so 'twas said*,
And the *doctor*, would allow of no distress
But on the *rail road track*,
Bob never once looked back
I'll be landed on the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

So he put on his coat, &c.

So now he lives in clover,
All his troubles here are over,
And of *stocks* he never says a word or
But I plainly heard him say
There are *hundreds on the way*,
Who will shortly reach the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

So he put on his coat, &c.

MORAL.

By this let all men know,
That broadcloth, fash on, show,
Are not only *honest men* conferred on,
Full many a planning *thief*,
In *fashion* finds relief,
Denied him on the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

So put on your coat,
Don't laugh in your sleeve,
Though Jordan is a nice road to travel
&c. &c. &c.

*Our judges* have "one eye,"
Yet pass *such swindlers* by—
The *poor* affords them food enough to mark on
The *rich* will suffer not
On this, *their* favored spot,
But *they'll catch it* on the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

So put on your coat,
Don't laugh in your sleeve, &c. &c.

# THE TURF.

## Union Course, L. I.—Trotting.

The patrons of the trotting course had a rich treat on Monday afternoon. A match race came off between g. g. Mark Maguire (formerly known as Putnam), and s. g Hugenot, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, for $1,000. Mark Maguire won, after five exciting heats. The betting at the start was even, although the sorrel gelding had the call, during the early part of the day, at odds. He was accounted a very fast nag by his backers, having been timed in 2:33 in a private trial. The grey came on the track with a host of backers from the Red House and all Harlem; and the betting became quite brisk between them and the denizens of New Rochelle. Very large amounts were staked by the parties even. During the heats, the odds changed as frequently as have the prices of railroad stocks within the last month.

The horse Hugenot is a very promising young trotter; and although beaten yesterday, will, ere long, without accident, prove himself a very fast nag.—He was raised on Long Island, and is said to be a Napoleon. He is a very powerful and well formed colt, with all the requisites for speed and endurance. Mark Maguire is a fine, showy, durable horse, and pretty hard to beat by one about his own rate of speed. His name has been changed since he became the property of Mr. Irvin, as a tribute of respect to the well known newsman, who, like the horse, in indomitable perseverance and never ceasing energy is hard to beat. The horse is well named The track improves with each succeeding race, and was in capital condition. The weather too, was well suited for the occasion, and everything passed off satisfactorily.

FIRST HEAT.

Hiram won the pole for the gray, and took the lead around the turn—Shute, the driver of Hugenot, not getting his horse squared all the way to the quarter. The grey was a couple of lengths in front, in thirty-nine seconds. On the back stretch both horses broke up, and the grey proving the best breaker, gained another length on the sorrel to the half mile pole, passing there in 1:18. The grey broke up again on the lower turn, and the sorrel coltured him before he recovered. A spirited little contest ensued, until the sorrel cast a shoe, and fell to pieces. The grey then cut loose from him, and came home a winner by three or four lengths, in 2:42.

SECOND HEAT.

Mr. Whelan took charge of Huguenot for the remainder of the race; and although the grey had won the heat, the New Rochelle party posted more money at even on their favorite. After a new shoe had been put on the horses came up for the word and got away well together; but before getting around the turn, the grey broke up, and the sorrel took the pole from him, and led to the quarter pole a length a head, in forty seconds. The grey continued to act very unsteadily, and fell off half a dozen lengths down the back stretch. the sorrel passing the half mile pole in 1:18 Huguenot kept at his work and won the heat easily in 2:40½.

THIRD HEAT.

One hundred to twenty was now wagered on the colt. He took the lead at the start, the grey hanging close to him around the turn and to the quarter; the sorrel passing there in thirty-nine seconds, half a length in advance. The grey carried the sorrel off his feet on the back stretch, and beat him to the half mile pole thirty yards in 1:18. H then opened the gap around the lower turn, and not withstanding that the sorrel took a fine run up the home stretch. the grey came home a winner on a jog in 2:41¢.

FOURTH HEAT.

The betting again changed and Mark Maguire was the favorite, at one hundred to thirty. The grey took the lead, and went three open lengths a head of the sorrel to the quarter pole, in forty seconds; the sorrel having broken up on the turn; and again at the pole, moving up close to the grey on the back stretch. Time to the half mile pole, 1:19 On the lower turn the sorrel lapped the grey, and they came on the home stretch in that way, and vigorously fought for the mastery until they were pretty near the score, when the grey broke up and the sorrel won by a length in 2 40.

FIFTH HEAT.

The success in the last heat again made the sorrel the favorite, although the bulk of the money on the track was in the hands of the stake holders. The horses came up for the word at the top of their speed, the sorrel rather "tangled," and they were started. The sorrel broke up on the turn, and the grey dashed away from him and led to the quarter pole over thirty yards, in forty seconds. The sorrel broke again and again, while the grey was making the best of his way home. Time to the half, 1,17. The grey kept at his work, and came home a winner by 30 yards, in 2:40.

The following is a summary;—

MONDAY, JULY 17.—Trotting match $1.000, mile heats, best in five, in harness.

H. Woodruff named g g. Mark Maguire (formerly Putman) 1 2 1 2 1
W. Shute named s.g Huguenot 2 1 2 1 2
Time, 2:42—2:40½—2:41½—2:40—2:40.

## Two Mile Trotting Match for $1,000.

Another fine day's sport on Long Island Turf was witnessed on the 13th instant, at the Union Course The match was a trot of two-mile heats in repeat, to come off between the celebrated horses Lady Collins, and Lady Franklin. The former was entered by Hiram Woodruff, and the latter by Mr Piffer. The attendance was quite slim, but all who were present manifested quite an interest in the result While making preparations for the first heat, Hiram's mare was the favorite, and had the call of $100 to $30. The Course was in fine order, and both nags had a good send off They glided around the track in fine style, and the heat was won by Lady Collins. The bet stood at the same odds, and when the horses appeared for the second heat, Franklin looked fresh and seemed in good trim. They had a fine start, and it was evident that Lady Franklin would come out victor of the heat, which she did, and trotted far better than was ever before witnessed The third heat brought out quite another feeling in relation to the two horses, and the betting was now even on the contestants. The heats were now a tie, and those having previously staked the long odds on Collins, were rather dubious as to the result, and each feared they were on the losing side. The horses received the word very promptly on this heat, but Lady Collins appeared wearied before she had gone half a mile, Lady Franklin appeared to bear much more endurance than her competitor, and to the surprise of the majority of the audience, Lady Collins was defeated. She made a number of very bad breaks on the last mile of the last heat, and Hiram was unable to keep her down to the work sufficiently to retain her speed. It was a fairly contested match, and both winners and losers appeared satisfied with it from beginning to end.

The following is a summary :—

Thursday, July 13—Trotting match $1,000, two mile heats, in harness.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H. Pfifer named r. m. Lady Franklin | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| H. Woodruff named br. m. Lady Collins | 1 | 2 | 3 |

TIME—FIRST HEAT.

| | |
|---|---|
| First mile | 2:43½ |
| Second mile | 2:39½ |
| Total | 5:23 |

| SECOND HEAT. | THIRD HEAT. |
|---|---|
| First mile...2:37½ | 2:46 |
| Second mile .2:43½ | 2:44 |
| Total.....5:21 | 5:30 |

## Tacony Matched against Grey Eddy

On Tuesday evening a match was made by the owner of Tacony to trot against the celebrated horse Grey Eddy for the sum of $1,000 aside. The conditions of the race are mile heats, best three in five, to harness, carry the weight of Mr. Wheelan, (who will drive Tacony.) and take place thirty days from date, which will be on the 17th of August next. These steeds are among the first class trotters in the country, and it will be an exciting contest. It is a match that will positively take place, as the match is destined to test the speed of each animal. Tacony was recently purchased by Mr. James J. Bevins, and Grey Eddy by James McMann. They could not be in better hands, and a fine race may therefore be anticipated.

## Mark Maguire.

One of the best contested trotting matches of the season took place on the Union Course, on Monday last between Mark Maguire and Huguenot. The former is named in compliment to Mr. Mark Maguire, a gentlemen known throughout this city from his long connection with the newspaper trade.—Mr. Maguire was one of the first to give prominence to the present system, so general throughout the United States, of disposing of newspapers. By energy and straight-forward dealing, Mark was not long in making *his mark* in the world, and what was more to the purpose, of making something more substantial than his mark. Like his namesake, the trotter proved himself to be a "fast one." May they always keep ahead.

## Race between a Horse and a Steam Engine.

A singular contest took place on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, recently. About three or four o'clock in the morning a horse came galloping at a tremendous pace along the line of the Railway, in the direction of Kiverton Park, towards Sheffield, and decidedly ahead of an engine and tender which were travelling the same way Over bridges and past gates the chase continued. The signals were up, but no heed was taken of them; it was horseflesh against steam, and the race was run with a vigor and determination which threw into the back ground the tremendous feats of the renowned Gilpin of facetious memory. But in mid career an unhappy pause occurred. The intrepid animal, heedless of obstruction, and pressing on to outstrip his panting competitor, suddenly missed his footing and rolled over the embankment. The engine gave an unearthly-sounding shriek, as if in triumph at his unlucky mishap; but this only infused new courage into the veins of the heroic animal. Nothing daunted, up he sprung, and again started on the race. Again he headed the engine, and again the race was continued at the same headlong speed, the horse leading with the evident resolve to win, or, in the language of the melodrama "to perish in the attempt." In this way they reached the Victoria station, but the further circumstances of the contest we are unable to record.

## Pavilion Course.

ROSE VALLEY, WAYNE COUNTY, N. Y.,

Tuesday, July 4, 1854—Purse and stake, $250—two mile heats in harness.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| C. Hayt's gr. g. | 1 | 1 |
| S. H. Skinner's b. m. Lady Brooks | 2 | 2 |

TIME, 5.35½, 5.44½.

To-day's race was closely contested. Betting was even; the mare had the call on the start, but after the first heat, betting changed two to one on the gray mare showing signs of lameness. The attendance was estimated to be 2,000 people, many of whom were ladies, and the day passed off without the least disturbance.

## Another Trotting Match Forfeited.

A MATCH FOR $2.000 BETWEEN TACONY AND GREY EDDY.

The great trotting match for $1,000 a side, which was recently made between the owners of the well known horses Jack Waters, and Lady Brooks resulted in a complete failure. Lady Brooks was said to be out of condition and unable to enter the contest. The owner of the mare paid $500 forfeit, consequently no trot took place. This is the third great race that has failed to come off, as commenced by the proprietors of the Long Island Course, within the past three or four weeks, to the great disappointment of many.

# Canine Sports, &c.

## Dog Fight in Philadelphia.

The dog fight announced to come off in Philadelphia, took place on Monday afternoon, at the Lazaretto, near Wilmington, Del. One of the dogs was an English dog, named Chunkhead, and the other a Philadelphia dog, named Sport, the wager being $50 a side.—There was a great crowd of sporters and fighting men and dog fanciers present, but not much betting. The fight commenced at half-past four, and at 57 minutes past four the Philadelphia dog cut it; betting was $100 to $30 on Chunkhead, but no takers.

# AQUATICS.

## A Nut for Flints.

The following communication from a gentleman in Philadelphia, gives our estimable correspondent "Flints" several severe "pokes in the ribs" which, no doubt, he will be able to bear.

PHILADELPHIA, July 16, 1854

*To the Editor of the New-York Clipper:*

SIR.—Having noticed various communications in your paper signed "Flints," and knowing them to be destitute of truth, I take this mode of contradicting his statements. Firstly—"Flints" and R. S. W. are one and the same. He is well known as Blow Master General in these parts. Now, after all his blowing about building a yacht 45 feet long to beat the Bianca, where is she? I suppose the wood has not yet commenced to grow, or some friend has not stepped forward with a well filled purse. She was to be built after the Flirt with improvements. That would be an easy matter, for the Flirt is a dead failure, having beat all the other boats when they were anchored in the docks. She was backed down for $200, and can be again. So much for her. We will place her with Duke's beauties. Peace to her ashes.

The next is the Jocky or Topsy, which was built by "Flints," though Bobby was bied pretty freely for the cash. She too was a failure, she beat every boat on the river more particularly the great miracle, the invincible Pert of Burlington memory.

Of the Emma we know nothing, not being on the river much at present, but suppose that she is like the rest of his models, pretty good at beating boats tied to the wharf or anchored in the dock. Now let the truth be told, that the old boat lengthened with a new stern is the only boat that ever beat the miracle Pert. Flints should have known this, he being Captain of the Pert, and giving her all the nice touches, &c. Rufus, tell the truth and shame the devil.

Now we mean work, and the old boat No. 11, lengthened out and improved backwards, will sail the Big Skimming Dish, the scare-crow of the crowd, (more soap) from the Water Works wharf, Kensington, to the Chester buoy and back for $100 aside, or will sail the other miracles, the saucy little Emma, or the Topsy, same distance and money, and give them one mile start. Or she will sail any boat on the river, not over 20 feet long for the same sum.

We should like to know "Flint's" opinion of the America, which had the bluff, full bow of the Orion, and mongrel after-body of the Irma, which was not the right shape, but which beat the Runaway from Notting, another Burlington miracle, most shamefully. The America was in your harbor last week, so you will be able to judge of her shape.

Flints has not spoken of the Scud, which was modelled by Mr. Stephens, of New York. He thought she would be about the shape. So much for his judgment. The reason for getting the model made in New York was because there was nothing ugly enough to suit the owners in this city. I should like to know if they have got the willow basket made yet to put the Jockey in to keep her from sinking. For further information apply to John Pote, Wood and Queen streets, Kensington.

Yours, truly,
REINDEER.

## Aquatic Sports on the Delaware.

OUR CORNER, PHILADELPHIA, July 12th, 1854.

NUMBER FOUR.

DEAR CLIP:—In our last we gave you a list of boats belonging to the "Mosquito fleet," we will now *talk* of the races won by the most celebrated of them. The Pert, 17 feet long, J. Fenimore, builder, after beating all the boats of the club, both large and small, was pitted against the Will Morris for $200. Notwithstanding the Morris was some 5 feet longer than her *pert* little adversary she lost the race by 46 minutes. It blew a gale from the south west, and the Pert was supposed to have no chance, owing to her want of length. A deal of money changed hands. This was one of the most exciting races ever witnessed on the Delaware. The Pert was again victorious over the Morris in a race up the river, the wind light and baffling from N. East. Will Morris matched with the Shiffler for $50, the former winning by five minutes. Another match was made soon after by the same boat for $500, in which the Morris was again victorious. The Morris also won a very elegant silver pitcher the following boats entered for the prize: Sea Witch, Tom Meller, Ned Hendry, Reindeer, and Morris.

In a regatta from Red Bank for a silver pitcher the following boats entered: Will Morris, Reindeer, Post Boy, Pert, Uncle Oliver, *alias* Tub, the latter won the prize easily. The fast boys were all sold in the result of this race, 5 to 1 being freely offered on the Pert against the field. An old codger with the seat of his breeches "tored," and *supposed* to be "three sheets in the wind," bet all his money on the Tub, an old boat that had lain sunk in the mud for two years and was dug out by some boys and sold for $2 50. The sporting ducks thought she was of no account, and the owner a poor crazy fool to enter her against the crack boats. Of course the *drunken* old man, with the "tored" pants, soon invested all his rhino, which was no small amount. Every body was eager to take his money, although they thought it a *shame*. Mark the sequel—the Tub won the race easily, beating the Morris, 2d boat, 15 minutes; and the Reindeer, last boat, 31 minutes. Wonder if Vansciver, Wilkings, M'Alister, McCurdy, and other fast boys dident see the elephant on that occasion. The "Tub man" was around having sold the whole squadron to the tune of $1500 or $2000. Vansciver swears he will never bet a "red" again with a man that has no seat to his unmentionables. After this celebrated regatta, Tub was painted in large letters on the Uncle Oliver's stern, and she has since won all the prizes offered for competition. She has four silver cups and any quantity of prize flags. She is now ruled out from participating in any of the regattas. The Irma *was* a fast little boat, but she is now defunct, having fallen into bad hands. The Flirt was only engaged in one race, a regatta; the following boats entered:—Kate Hayes, Pert, Irma, Reindeer, Tom Mellor, and Flirt; the latter boat winning the race easily, beating the Pert, last boat, 21 minutes. The Flirt then challenged the world in the city papers, and in the New-York Spirit of the Times. No takers. "Sportsman Hall was short of funds, and no match coud be made.

The Philadelphians think we can take all out doors down in small boats, New-York taking the lead in yachts. The Quakers, however, are "waked up," as will be seen by the two challenges in our former article. The York men will have to show fight or come down from their lofty position. We trust the Keyser and Emma will have a "show for their white alleys."

Yours, Truly,
FLINTS.

# CRICKET.

## Cricket.

The following players have been chosen for the National Match, United States vs. Canada, to be played at Toronto on Wednesday and Thursday, July 19 and 20: Messrs. Sharp, Waller, Bingham, Gibbs, Sams, Sam. Wright, Comery, Fletcher, Cuyp, Marsh and F. Tinson.

An interesting single wicket match was played at the New-York Club Ground at Hoboken, on Wednesday, between DeGrave and Winterbottom.—They played even first, and DeGrave beat. DeGrave then gave three wickets and won again. He then gave six wickets and again won, when Winterbottom very good-humoredly acknowledged himself beat.

The Milwaukee Club vs. Lisbon Club played a well contested game on the ground of the former on the 4th of July, which ended in favor of Milwaukee, with five wickets to go down. The score was: Milwaukee, 61 and 46—total, 107; Lisbon, 85 and 21—total, 106 They play a return match at Lisbon.—Time not fixed.

## Complimentary Benefit to Dick Donnely and Adams.

These sparers take a benefit in Philadelphi on next Monday night, tendered them by a portion of the Pugilistic Club, on which occasion they will be assisted by the whole of the Philadelphia Fancy. Ned Chew, the Lancashire clog dancer, has volunteered to dance. Donnelly will be prepared to make a match with any 9st. 3lb. man for from $300 to $500.

## Folding and Packing Newspapers.

BALTIMORE, July 15, 1854.

DEAR MR. QUEEN.—We the undersigned have seen stated in your paper a challenge of folding and packing between New-York and Philadelphia, but have not seen that it has been accepted. Now we, the undersigned, would respectfully challenge any one folder and packer out of New-York or Philadelphia, for $200 to $500 a side, $50 to be placed in the hands of the Editor of your paper as soon as accepted.

GEORGE HUNTER,
WILLIAM LEIDY.

P.S.—We will fold or pack in any city out of New-York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore.

## A Kangaroo Hunt in Australia.

On one occasion we threw the hounds into cover, (a "koick in" and a waive of the hand were sufficient.) and they went to work in good style, although they did riot a little when they came across a kangaroo rat, an animal about the size of a rabit, that abounds in the scrub; but a double thong being applied and "ware rat" being bawled into their ears, convinced them of their error. After drawing for some time, the sterns above the brushwood began to "feather," a whimper or two was heard, followed by a rush of the whole pack, and then a loud "burst" and then they were away. At the end of five miles we came into a country intersected by deep creeks; the timber thickened, and as we ascended the hills the grass-fed hunters showed distress and at last "shut up" altogether. The kangaroo being determined to cut out good work for us, went right over the range. The pace quickened—we crested the hill, and were quickly shooting down the other side of it, with as much as our horses could do to live with the hounds, who were now careering the scent breast-high down to a tea-tree creek. Suddenly they all threw up their heads, there was a screw loose. A little further we tried, then a circular cast was made, during which a buck-kangaroo started out of a clump of acacias into the middle of the pack. Every one thought he must be "chopped," but he broke clean away through them. The country becoming difficult, the company got very select, even the best mounted being thrown out, and at last we viewed the object of our pursuit stretching along at a rattling pace straight towards the river Torrens. Cheering on the leading hounds, we forced him into the stream, weere he stood ducking hound afther hound as they attacked him, till overpowered by numbers and killed.

## Another Dodge.

Some one at the Hippodrome is endeavoring to *try on* a foot race dodge. Visitors should remember the miserable manner in which a horse race was conducted at this show shop last season. Don't be caught again.

## Cockney Dialogue.

We overheard a couple of Englishmen a day or two since discussing the subject of the weather:

"'Haint it 'ot?" said one.

"Yes," replied the other, "'ot as 'ell!"

Whether the latter spoke from actual experience, we cannot say—he spoke to the point, however.

# AMUSEMENTS.

## Re-opening of the National Theatre.

This favorite place of amusement, after a temporary close for the purpose of undergoing a complete renovation, will be opened on Monday evening next, with a powerful company, and a fine bill of entertainments. This is one of the best places of amusement in the city, and its success is altogether owing to the tact and business capabilities of Manager Purdy.

## Buckley's Minstrels.

This favorite company have in preparation several new burlesque operas, which will be produced in rapid succession. Cinderella continues to attract large audiences.

## Pierce's Benefit.

The complimentary benefit, to Mr. Pierce, the "original Pompey" of Christy's Minstrels, took place at 472 Broadway, on Thursday evening, of last week. In every sense of the word, it was a "bumper." Long before the hour for commencing the performances of the evening, it was impossible to find even standing room, such is the estimation in which Mr. Pierce is held in this community. During the evening a costly diamond ring was presented to Mr. Pierce, as a testimonial of the kind regards of his many friends.

We hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Pierce at the head of a company of his own. The experience he has had, and the great and deserved popularity he enjoys, both as an artiste and a gentleman, eminently qualify him for such a position, and we have not the slightest doubt that should he become a manager as well as performer, his success would be certain. Let Mr. Pierce "try it on."

# Business Notices.

## The Cause.

There must always be an effect where there is a cause, but it is not in every instance that we are able to trace the effect to the proper cause. With regard to the effects produced by a use of Dr. Gouraud's Celebrated Italian Medicated Soap there can be no two opinions—it produces a fine, clear complexion, removes freckles, tan, &c., &c., and gives a blooming appearance to the skin. It must not be supposed, however, that a single cake will cause this complete transmogrification, though a single cake will be found to afford great satisfaction. Besides this, Dr. Gouraud manufactures a superior article of Hair Dye, which changes light, red, or grey hair to a beautiful brown or jet black, without in the least injuring the skin.—These desirable cosmetics can be procured of Dr. Gouraud, at his office, No. 67 Walker st., first store from Broadway.

## A Valuable Article.

We know of nothing so serviceable or really valuable as one of Messrs. Rafferty & Leask's famous Daguerrean Hats, which have obtained such celebrity throughout this city. They obtain the name Daguerrean Hats from the fact that each purchaser has his daguerreotype likeness taken by the above firm, and firmly placed in the interior of the hat purchased; and what is a consideration of some importance, the likeness is given free of all charge. The stores of Messrs. Rafferty and Leask, it will be remembered, are No. 57 Chatham street and corner of Chatham and Pearl, where the most polite attention is bestowed upon each and every customer.

## In the Baltic.

According to late dispatches from the fleets of England and France, but little worthy of notice has taken place in the Baltic, where so much had been promised. Of course, this state of inactivity creates much complaint, and various reasons are offered as to the why and the wherefore As far as we are directly concerned, it is hardly necessary to express our opinion upon the subject, but we might state, *en passant*, that a different state of things exists in this city, for idleness forms no part of our organization, as may be easily discerned by looking in upon our friend, J. H. James, the great hatter, of 525 Broadway, (St. Nicholas Hotel), whose store resembles the hive of the "busy bee" Let us advise those in need of hats to give Mr. James a call.

# SPORTING.

A Grand nights sport will be given at James McLaughlin's, 155 First Avenue, on Saturday evening, July 22nd. Five handsome collars to be run for. The sport of the evening will commence with Bear Baiting, Badger and Coon Baiting, and Rat Killing. The old Country Fox will kill a dozen rats and be baited for a handsome collar. Collars and rats to be given free of charge on that night; no favors given; the five best dogs to receive the five collars Doors open at half past 7 Sport to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets only 25 cents, to be had at the bar.

# AMUSEMENTS.

## National Theatre.

Chatham street near Rosevelt.

Manager and Proprietor.....J. H. Purdy
Treasurer.....J. Handcock

Doors open at 6½ o'clock performance to commence at 7½.

Prices of admission,

Boxes.....25 cents.
Pit.....12½ "
Private Boxes.....5.00

Engagement of CONY and TAYLOR, and the learned dogs, who will appear every evening this week, in some of their attractive dramas.

## Buckley's Minstrels,

Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway.

Buckley.....Properiote
R. Bishop Buckley.....Musical Director
Admission.....25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Burlesque Operas.

## Anatomical Museum.

No. 300 Broadway.

A variety of curiosities, and wax representations of the different parts of the human form. Open day and Evening. Admittance 25 cents.

# A Great Book.

Just published,

THE LIFE AND BATTLES OF

YANKEE SULLIVAN,

Embracing full and accurate reports of his Fights with

HAMMER LANE, BOB CAUNT,
TOM SECOR, TOM HYER,
BILLY BELL JOHN MORRISSEY,

Together with a synopsis of his minor battles, from his first appearance in the Prize Ring until his retirement.

ALSO

The battles between

TOM HYER & COUNTRY McCLEESTER
CRIS. LILLY & TOM McCOY,
GEORGE KENSETT & NED HAMMOND,
ALF. WALKER & JOE HOILES, THE SPIDER."

For sale by Ross & JONES, No. 101 Nassau street, General Agents; DEXTER & BROTHER, ABBE& YATES, B. W. WINANS, and by news agents and periodical dealers throughout the United States.

PRICE 25 CTS.

## THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

W. O BRYON WILL BE PLEASED to have his friends inspect his new arrangements. He has fitted up a room where the following amusements are always going on: Skittles, Knock 'ems Down, Shuffle Board, Bagatelle, Chess, Draughts or Checkers, Dominoes, &c. Also, a snug Reading-Room, with all the principal daily and weekly Newspapers, including Bell's Life. Fine old Ale also on draught. A Free and Easy, called the Odds and Ends, will meet once a week to have a social night. 590 8th Avenue, cor. 42d-st. j17

## A CARD TO THE LADIES.

DR. DUPONCO'S FRENCH PERIODical Golden Pills, infallible in removing stoppages or irregularities of the menses These Pills are nothing new, but have been used by the Doctor for many years, both in France and America, with unparalleled success in every case; and he is urged by many thousand ladies, who have used them, to make the Pills Public, for the alleviation of those suffering from any irregularities whatever, as well as to prevent pregnancy to those ladies whose health will not permit an increase of family. Pregnant females, or those supposing themselves so, are cautioned against using these pills while pregnant, as the proprietor assumes no responsibility after the above admonition, although their mildness would prevent any mischief to health; otherwise these pills are recommended. Full and explicit directions accompany each box.

*Sold at Retail by*

DE GRAFF, corner of Allen and Grand-sts.
CONCKLIN, corner of Broadway and 34th street.
HINTON, corner of 8th Avenue and 20th-st.
BELDEN, 91 8th Avenue.
SMITH, 42 Greenwich street.

*And at Wholesale by*

C. V. CLICKNER & Co., 81 Barclay st.
HALL, RUCKLE & Co., 220 Greenwich-st.
ALEXANDER & STEELE, 82 Barclay-st.

N. B. The Pills will be sent to any part of the City or Country by enclosing $1. Address Dr. J. DUPONCO, Broadway, Union Square or Chatham street Post Offices, New York. Agents wanted, address as above.

## PERHAM AGAIN IN THE FIELD.

THIRD MONSTER GIFT ENTERprise, in connection with the Exhibitions of his magnificent and immense Mirror of North and South America, the exhibitions of which commence on Monday evening, May 1st.

100,000 Tickets only, at $1 each will be sold. Each purchaser of a Ticket for the Admission of Four Persons to the Exhibition, will be presented with a numbered Certificate, entitling the holder to One Share in the following 100,000 Gifts:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *A FARM, located in Harrison Township, Gloucester County, New Jersey, and within 15 miles of Philadelphia. It embraces over 100 acres of land, in a high state of cultivation, with Dwelling, Barns, and other necessary out-houses, in good repair. There is a large orchard of choice fruits. A fine water-power and good stone quarry are on the premises, the latter of which is the only one in the neighborhood, and on it the country in the immediate vicinity depend for public purposes. Title indisputable. Valued at* | - | $16,000 |
| (*Any information in regard to the Farm can be obtained of Belan Redfield, tenant on the premises.*) | | |
| *A Perpetual Loan, without security or interest,* | 5,000 | |
| " " " " | 2,000 | |
| " " " " | 1,000 | |
| 2 " " " $500 *each* | 1,000 | |
| 10 " " " 100 " | 1,000 | |
| *The celebrated Trotting Mare "Lilly Dale," who can trot, in harness, a mile in 2:40—valued at* | 1,500 | |
| 5 *Rosewood Pianos, valued at $500 each,* | 2,500 | |
| 5 " " " 300 " | 1,500 | |
| (*A portion of the Pianos are T. Gilbert & Co's celebrated Æolians. Specimens to be seen at the store of Horace Waters, 333 Broadway, others of Hallet, Davis & Co's splendid instruments, to be seen at J. E. Gould's Piano and Music Store, 163 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.*) | | |
| *The splendid series of Paintings known as the "Mirror of New England and Canadian Scenery," and now realizing a handsome income by its Exhibitions in the East—valued at* | - | 22,000 |
| 3 *light and beautiful Carriages, $225 each,* | - | 675 |
| 10 *Gold Watches,* $100 *each,* | | 1,000 |
| 40 " " 50 " | | 2,000 |
| 100 " *Pens and Cases,* 3 " | | 500 |
| 5000 " *Pencils,* 3 " | | 15,000 |
| 94,819 *pieces of choice, popular and fashionable Music, 25 cts. each,* | - | 23,705 |
| 100,000 Gifts, Valued at | | $96,380 |

In order to ensure to all concerned a perfectly fair and satisfactory disposition of the above named Gifts, Mr. Perham proposes that the Shareholders shall meet together on Thursday evening, June 22d, 1854, (or sooner, if all the tickets are sold—due notice of which will be given,) at some suitable place hereafter to be designated, and appoint a Committee of Five Persons, who may dispose of the property in such manner as the Shareholders, in general meeting, shall direct; the Committee giving good and sufficient bonds, if required by the Shareholders, for the faithful performance of the duties required of them.

All orders for Tickets, by mail, should be addressed JOSIAH PERHAM, Academy Hall, 663 Broadway, New York. If it should happen that all the Tickets are sold when the order is received, the money will be returned, at our expense for postage. Correspondents will please write distinctly their name, residence, County and State, to prevent errors.

OFFICES FOR SALE OF TICKETS.

ACADEMY HALL, 663 Broadway.
HOWE'S COUGH CANDY STORE, 166 Chatham street.
LOVEJOY'S, HOWARD'S, and MERCHANTS' Hotels
CATTEL'S DRUG STORE, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

## $75,000 WORTH OF GIFTS

FOR THE PEOPLE.—THE SUBSCRIbers respectfully announce to the public, that they have made arrangements with responsible parties in different cities of the Union for the sale of the justly celebrated Engravings known as ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS, and THE POOR RELATIONS. These Engravings have been pronounced by artists and connoisseurs the most exquisite specimens of the Fine Arts ever produced in this country. They are works of one of the most distinguished artists of the day, and have been prepared at great expense—the engraved plates alone having cost several thousand dollars. The size of the Engraving is 16 by 22 inches. The subscribers have made arrangements by which they can furnish these beautiful Engravings at the low rate of ONE DOLLAR each. Engravings of far less merit sell readily at $2 each. By issuing an edition of 75,000, the subscribers are enabled to sell them at the above price; and on completing the sale of the above number, will also be enabled to present to the purchasers of these Engravings the following splendid Gifts:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 Beautiful Country Seat in Fairfield Co., Conn., valued at | | $7,500 |
| 15 Fine Rosewood Pianoes, valued at | $500 00 | 7,500 |
| 20 Fine Melodeons, valued at | 150 00 | 3,000 |
| 40 Richly Carved Sofas, valued at | 40 00 | 1,600 |
| 200 Urquhart's Celebrated Violins, valued at | 6 00 | 1,200 |
| 100 Guitars, valued at | 10 00 | 1,000 |
| 100 Fine Accordions valued at | 10 00 | 1,000 |
| 15 Avery's Crystal Palace Medal Premium Sewing Machines, valued at | 50 00 | 750 |
| 50 Superfine Gold Watches, valued at | 100 00 | 5,000 |
| 50 Superfine Gold Watches, valued at | 75 00 | 3,750 |
| 50 Ladies Gold Watches valued at | 50 00 | 2,500 |
| 50 Super. Silver Lever Watches, valued at | 25 00 | 1,250 |
| 50 Super. Silver Lever Watches, valued at | 20 00 | 1,000 |
| 50 Gent's Gold Fob Chains, valued at | 20 00 | 1,000 |
| 50 Gent's Gold Fob Chains, valued at | 30 00 | 1,500 |
| 50 Ladies' Gold Fob Chains valued at | 20 00 | 1,000 |
| 100 Sets Ladies' Breastpins and Earrings, valued at | 10 00 | 1,000 |
| 200 Sets Ladies' Pins and Earrings, valued at | 8 00 | 1,600 |
| 200 Sets Ladies' Ear-rings, valued at | 7 50 | 1,500 |
| 200 Gent's Cluster Pins, valued at | 5 00 | 1,000 |
| 1,000 Gold Rings, with settings, valued at | 3 50 | 3,500 |
| 500 Gold Pencils, valued at | 5 00 | 2,500 |
| 300 Gold Pencils, valued at | 3 50 | 1,050 |
| 500 Pens, with cases, valued at | 3 50 | 1,750 |
| 500 Ladies' Work Boxes, valued at | 3 50 | 1,750 |
| 20 Ladies' Fine Broche Shawls, valued at | 30 00 | 600 |
| 10 Ladies' Fine Broche Shawls, valued at | 20 00 | 200 |
| 100 Gent's Watch Fobs, with seals, valued at | 6 50 | 650 |
| 50 Double-barrel Guns, valued at | 20 00 | 1,000 |
| 50 Pistols, valued at | 6 00 | 300 |
| 1 Steel Plate of Life's Happy Hours, valued at | | 1,000 |
| 1 Steel Plate, The Poor Relations, valued at | | 1,000 |
| 100 Quarto Bibles, with plates, valued at | 5 00 | 500 |
| 1,000 Clasp Bibles, valued at | 1 00 | 1,000 |
| 10,000 Steel Engravings, the best likeness of Henry Clay ever published valued at | 50 | 5,000 |
| 10,000 Steel Engravings of Powers' Greek Slave valued at | 25 | 2,500 |
| 5,000 Boxes Oriental Tooth Powder, valued at | 25 | 1,250 |
| 5,000 Fine Pen-knives, valued at | 25, | 1,250 |
| 5,000 Thirty Ways of Making Money, valued at | 1 00 | 5,000 |

The subscribers will give to each purchaser of either of the above Engravings a numbered receipt, which will entitle the holder to a share in the "Gifts." A meeting of the shareholders will be held at the place in which the greatest number of Engravings shall have been sold, to appoint a Committee to receive the Gifts and make an equitable distribution of the same. The undersigned pledge themselves to fulfil the engagements which they have entered into with the public, in the most straightforward and honorable manner. All orders should be addressed to L. W. ABBOTT & CO., Manhattan Hotel, No. 133 Fulton street., New-York. All Communications, (post-paid) enclosing $1, will receive prompt attention, and the Engravings sent by return mail to any part of the country. Please preserve this for future reference.

apr 22 L. W. ABBOTT & CO.

## BEARS, DOGS, & COONS, for SALE.

TWO VERY FINE YOUNG BEARS, male and female; likewise several fine dogs, would make excellent watch dogs and Ratters, also a very fine Coon, 21lb weight will be sold cheap. Apply at 590 8th Avenue, corner of 42d street.

# $300,000

WORTH OF GIFTS FOR THE PEOple! Prof. HART'S Great Gift Enterprise of the Whole World!

WORLD'S HALL,
Nos. 377 and 379 Broadway, New-York.
*Prof. J. WOODMAN HART, Proprietor and Manager.*
*F. H. E BROWN, Treasurer.*
*G. L. MORTON, Cor. Sec'y*
*C. ASHTON HANKINS, Descriptive Lecturer.*

PROF. J. WOODMAN HART

Would respectfully announce to the citizens of New-York, and the World at large, that for the purpose of securing for the ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL called "THE WHOLE WORLD" the largest circulation of any literary or business paper extant, and for the purpose of enabling all to see his wonderful illustration of the Entire World, the first and only thing of the kind ever produced, now on exhibition at the World's Hall, Nos. 377 and 379 Broadway, thereby popularizing American Art, and also of giving world-wide celebrity to his renowned "Books of Travels, Adventures and Anecdotes," which should be read by the million, he will distribute among the purchasers of his One Dollar Tickets, 300,000 Magnificent and Valuable Gifts, amounting to the sum total of $300,000.

LIST OF GIFTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Prof. Hart's Whole World, worth an immense fortune, valued at* | $50,000 |
| *Prof. Hart's Elegant Country Seat, with 100 acres of Land in a high state of cultivation, the buildings on which cost $15,000, situated upon Long Island Sound, and commanding a magnificent view of 30 miles in every direction, valued at* | 25,000 |
| *A Cash Loan for 100 Years, without interest or security,* | 10,000 |
| *The Celebrated Model of the City of San Francisco, now on exhibition, valued at* | 8,000 |
| *Prof. Hart's far famed Panorama of the Holy Land,* | 10,000 |
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and could not hear me ; but Mr. D. was delighted at the observation, which seemed to him one of some aptitude.—Old Nash's beaked nose drawn close down over his mouth, his red forehead and gills, his round body, and blue, thin legs, and his silver-gray, scanty, feathery hair lying like a plumage over his head—all proved him cock-like! This man, thought I, has been cooped up in pens, or penned up in coops, until he has become shaped, colored, mannered like the bird he has been feeding. I should scarcely have been surprised, if Mr. D. had told me that old Nash crowed when the first light dawned over the ancient houses of Tufton-street, in a summer morning! I warrant me he pecked bread and milk to some tune ; and perchance slept upon a perch!

"But Fleming lifted his bird from the bag, and my whole mind was directed his way. This was a yellow-bodied, black-winged, handsome cock, seemingly rather slight, but elastic and muscular. He was restless at the sight of his antagonist, but quite silent—and old Nash examined him most carefully by the paper, delivering him up to Fleming upon finding him answer to the description. The setters-to then smoothed their birds, handled them, wetted their fingers, and moistened their bandaged ancles where the spurs were fastened, held them up opposite to each other, and thus pampered their courage, and prepared them for the combat.

"The mat was cleared of all persons except Fleming and young Nash. The betting went on vociferously. The setters-to taunted the birds with each other's presence—allowed them to strike at each other at a distance—put them on the mat facing each other—encouraged and fed their crowing and mantling until they were nearly dangerous to hold, and then loosed them against each other for the fatal fight.

"The first terrific dart into attitude was indeed strikingly grand and beautiful—and the wary sparring, watching, dodging, for the first cut, was extremely curious. They were beak-point to beak-point, until they dashed up in one tremendous flirt, mingling their powerful rustling wings and nervous heels in one furious and confused mass. The leap, the fire, the passion of strength, the *certaminis gaudia*, were fierce and loud!—The parting was another kind of thing every way. I can compare the sound of the first fight to nothing less than that of a wet umbrella forced suddenly open. The separation was death-like. The yellow or rather the ginger bird staggered out of the close—drooping—dismantled—bleeding! He had been struck! Fleming and Nash severally took their birds, examined them for a moment, and then set them again opposite to each other. The handling of the cocks was as delicate as if they had been made of foam, froth, or any other most perishable matter. Fleming's bird staggered towards his opponent, but he was hit dreadfully, and ran like a drunken man, tottering on his breast, sinking back on his tail, while Nash's, full of fire and irritated courage, gave the finishing stroke that clove every particle of life in twain. The brave bird thus killed, dropped at once from the 'gallant bearing and proud mein,' to the relaxed, draggled, motionless object that lay in bleeding ruin on the mat. I sighed and looked thoughtful, when the tumult of the betters startled me into a consciousness of the scene at which I was present, and made me feel how poorly timed was thought amid the characters around me.

"The victor cock was carried by me in all his pride, slightly scarred, but evidently made doubly fierce and muscular by the short encounter he had been engaged in. He seemed to have grown to double the size! His eyes were larger.

"The paying backward and forward of money won and lost occupied the time until the two Nashes again descended with another cock.

"Sometimes the first blow was fatal—at another time the contest was long and doubtful, and the cocks showed all the obstinate courage, weariness, distress, and breathlessness, which mark the struggles of experienced pugilists. I saw the beak open, the tongue palpitate, the wing drag on the mat. I noticed the legs tremble, and the body topple over upon the breasts, the eye grow dim, and even a perspiration break out upon the feathers of the back. When a battle lasted long, and the cocks lay helpless near or upon each other, one of the feeders counted ten, and then the birds were separated and set-to at the chalk. If the beaten bird does not fight while forty is counted, and the other pecks or shows signs of battle, the former is declared conqueror.

"Such is cock-fighting. Tom proposed showing me the coops ; and I instantly accepted his proposal, and followed him up the stairs.

"A covering was hung before each pen ; so that I heard, rather than saw, the cocks. But it was feeding time ; and I beheld innumerable rocky beaks and sparkling eyes at work in the troughs, and the stroke of the beak in taking up the barley was like the knock of a manly knuckle on a table. Old Nash was mixing bread and milk for his feathered family. But, I have done!"

### Sagacity of the Shepherd's Dog.

The following well-authenticated anecdotes and curious history of the dog are to be met with in Hogg's "Shepherd's Calendar." We extract two of the most striking instances ; the first relates to an affecting anecdote of a dog which belonged to Mr. Steel, "flesher, in Peebles."

"Mr. Steel had such an implicit dependence on the attention of this animal to his orders, that whenever he put a lot of sheep before her, he took a pride in leaving it to herself, and either remained to take a glass with the farmer of whom he made the purchase, or took another road, to look after bargains or other business. But one time he chanced to commit a drove to her charge at a place called Wilenslee, without attending to her condition as he ought to have done. This farm is five miles from Peebles, over wild hills, and there is no regularly defined path to it. Whether Mr. Steel remained behind or took another road I know not ; but, on coming home late in the evening, he was astonished at hearing that his faithful animal had never made her appearance with the drove. He and his son, or servant, instantly prepared to set out by different paths in search of her ; but, on their going out to the street there was she coming with the drove, no one missing; and, marvellous to relate, she was carrying a young pup in her mouth! she had been taken in travail on the hills ; and how the poor beast had contrived to manage her drove in her state of suffering is beyond human calculation ; for her road lay through sheep the whole way. Her master's heart smote him when he saw what she had suffered and affected ; but she was nothing daunted; and, having deposited her young one in a place of safety, she again set out full speed to the hills and brought another, and another, till she brought the whole litter, one by one, but the last one was dead." The other remarkable instance of the niceness of canine instinct or sagacity is related to have been displayed after a snow storm. It is wonderful. "When (says the author) we came after the storm to the ground where the sheep should have been, there was not one of them above the snow. Here and there at a great distance from each other we could perceive the heads or horns of stragglers appearing; and these were easily got out, but, when we had collected these few we could find no more. They had been lying all abroad in a scattered state when the storm came on and were covered over just as they had been lying. It was on a kind of sloping ground that lay half beneath the wind, and the snow was uniformly from six to eight feet deep. Under this the animals were lying scattered over at least one hundred acres of heathery ground. It was a very ill-looking concern. We went about boring with our long poles, and often did not find one sheep in a quarter of an hour. But at length a white shaggy colly, named Sparkie, that belonged to the cowherd boy, seemed to have comprehended something of our perplexity; for we observed him playing and scraping in the snow with great violence, and always looking over his shoulder to us. On going to the spot, we found that he he had marked straight above a sheep. From that he flew to another, and so on to another, as fast as we could dig them out, and ten times faster, for he sometimes had twenty or thirty holes marked beforehand.

"We got out three hundred of that division before night, and about half as many on the other parts of the farm, in addition to those we had rescued the day before; and the greatest part of those would have been lost had it not been for the voluntary exertions of Sparkie. Before the snow went away (which lay only eight days) we had got out every sheep on the farm, either dead or alive, except four ; and these that were not found was not Sparkie's blame, for though they were buried below a mountain of snow at least fifty feet deep he had again and again marked the top of it above them. The sheep were all living when we found them ; but those that were buried in the snow to a certain depth, being, I suppose, in a warm, half-suffocated state, though on being taken out they bounded away like roes, were instantly after paralyzed by the sudden change of atmosphere, and fell down, deprived of all power in their limbs. We did not, however, lose above sixty in all; but I am certain Sparkie saved us at least two hundred.

### The Carrier Pigeon.

The English carriers and horsemen pigeons are so inseparably connected, that in describing one I must also describe the other. Indeed, I believe the horsemen to be the primitive stock, and that the English carrier is the effect of the high cultivation of the former, those points of excellence which the fancier most highly prizes, being more highly developed in the carrier. As I consider the horsemen as the orignal, I will first draw attention to them. They appear to have come originally from Persia, and also to have been bred extensively in Turkey and Egypt, where they have long been used as mediums of communication. They are fine, noble birds, being considerably larger than the generality of pigeons. Their beak is long and stout, and covered at its base with a great quantity of wattle, wrinkled, whitish looking skin, or, in other words, an extreme developement of the nose, the eyes are also surrounded with a broad circle of the same appearance, called the *sere*. The neck is long and rather bent, the feathers often opening a little in front of the head, exposing a small streak of red skin. The chest is very broad and full, the shoulders wide; the bend of the wings stand rather out from the sides, the legs and feet very stout ; the tail and pinion feathers are rather short for the size of the bird, the former being carried somewhat elevated.

The English carrier differs from this in the greatest developement of the fancy points on which fanciers lay great stress, and according to their merits in this respect are they of proportionate value.—The beak must be long, thick, and straight ; the wattle large, high, and leaning slightly forward. The old fanciers admired it most when of a blackish tint ; the *sere* round the eyes should be broad, even, and round, which is termed a rose eye; if uneven it is called pinch-eyed, which is a great defect. The head is long, narrow, and flat on the top ; the color of the iris is a bright gravelly red. The neck must be long, thin, and without bend ; they should be broad across the back but small in the waste. The pinion-feathers of the wings, as also the tail, should be very long and not carried up, consequently they are much more elegant-looking birds than the horsemen; in color they are mostly black or dun—the duns generally have the best heads.

The horsemen are of various colors, black, white, blue, and pieds predominating.

Having described the two extremes, it will show their differences ; but pigeons are to be met with of all the various grades. If kept in health by exercise and judicious feeding, they are good breeders ; if not, they become idle and inferior nurses. If kept for flying, they must be trained young, and kept in constant practice or the best will prove indifferent homing birds, though, from their great value as fancy birds, they are but little flown, and, consequently, soon become fat, heavy, and unfit to fly.

I have had the large white horsemen, or as they are called in France, the swan-necked Egyptians, that could scarcely rise eight feet from the ground ; but the young ones while in training, flew with astonishing rapidity and went an end well. They would also outstrip my Antwerps in homing eight or ten miles, though they appeared to have difficulty in first starting off, seeming almost unable to rise, till they got in good swing, when they went along in fine style, having much the appearance of wild ducks while flying in the air.

The dragoon pigeon may be considered as an inferior variety of carrier or horseman, from which they are most probably a cross. They have the same properties as the carrier, but not so fully developed ; they are smaller, more active, and swifter for short journies.—They are of various colors, but the blues are most esteemed. They are wild birds, but excellent breeders and nurses ; so much are they esteemed on this account, that they are frequently kept as nurses for the larger sorts of fancy pigeons, and as they are large and fleshy, their young are excellent for the table. Shear dragoon is the name of those of this variety that have long straight beaks and heads, without much wattle.

Dragoons were the variety mostly used for flying before the introduction of the Antwerp ; many persons still prefer them, and we have many extraordinary accounts on record of their performances. All these varieties have large, soft beaks while young ; the wattle grows, and continues to increase for a year or two.

Pouting horsemen are a cross between the pouter pigeon and the horseman or dragoon. They are fine, large birds, very active and merry, good flyers and excellent breeders, being well adapted for general purposes, and not so shy as the dragoon ; they would be a good farm stock.

Skinnums are a cross between the common tumblers and dragoons. They are good flyers, and much used in London, but in other respects no better than the common pigeons, which they much resemble.—*Poultry Chronicle*

### Description of a Fox Chase, by a French Gentleman.

I voud me much relate one great chasse to you, Mousieur Editor, I have just vitnessed avec chiens de Monsieur Carving, at the chateau of mi Lor Chichester, von league from this villa.

"I vas me sitting at mine dejeune certain ven I view von Gentlemans ride past upon a vite cheval, vit him a coloure de rouge coat on, and von long vip in him hand. Vat for this Gentleman coat? I demande of de vater; shall it be de King? 'No, sare,' said he, 'it be Monsieur Jacque Bunce going a hunting.' 'Vot him hunt?' said I. 'De fox,' said he. 'Ah, de renard! I have much heard of this hont de renard in Angleterre ; I mest me certainly go. I vill me get my pistolets tout suite.' 'You must have an orse,' said the vaitor. 'Certainement!' said I; 'a vite orse same as Monsieur Bunce ;' but the stoopid vellow got von black, at vich I vas much enrage, as I thought I vood be ridicule, for I did me see another gentlemans on a vite orse same as Monsieur Bunce ; and de stoopid vellow brought von saddle sans chose pour les pistolets, and so being in moch hurry I did me put them in mine surtout poche.

"A great fracas vas at mine behind. and ven I look me round I shall find von fine English lady attired in rouge and blue gallop along de street in moch haste, and anoder gentlemans on anoder vite cheval, same as Monsieur Bunce, gallop vit her, and him had rouge on also.

"At de chateau vare many peoples had come, and a large flock of dogs. and two gentlemens in rouge habits and black bonnets, who vere grand chaseurs under Monsieur Craving, de grand maitre de chiens. 'Ou est votre mousquet? vere is your musquet?' said I to one of these gentlemens, but he touch him bonnet and said nothing. Then com Monsieur Craving, and they both did de same to him. 'How be de vind, George?' said he to the grossest von : 'shall ve have moch scent to-day?' 'De vind be in the Eait,' said George, 'but I think the scent may do.' 'Vill you accept some scent from me?' said I to George, offering him von flacon. 'Be it gin?' said he. 'No, not gin, but boquet du Roi. vare fine scent, trois franc cinque sous per bouteile.' By my vord the toopid dem vellow him did him drink de perfume, and then he spit it out.

"'Ve shall go,' said Monsieur Craving; an avay ve all vent in much speed.—'Vere de renard? vere de renard?' I demanded. 'Hold your jaw!' said von gentlemans in de bonnet; 'You vill make him steal away.' 'Ah, him steal moch poulet, moch Turque, u'est-cepas? de same in France, de same in France ; him vare great voleur ; I shall him shoot, I shall him shoot!'

"'De Gentleman be mad,' said Monsieur Craving, ven I produced my pistolet. 'Hav a care, George, he vill himself shoot.' 'Pas de tout! pas de tout! I vill me shoot the renard sans doute, but non myself.' Just den dere vas great scream—Oh dear! him poor gentlemans be moch hurt I fear. Gone avay! gone avay! forvard! forvard! hoop! hoop! tallivo! tallivo!' shouted Monsieur Craving and all de other gentlemans : some blew a trumpet, and de flock of dogs came up howling and barking. 'Old hard!' said Monseiur Craving, 'old hard! Pray, sare, do you think you can catch the fox yourself?' said he.—'I vill me try,' said I, 'but vere him be?'—'Dere him go,' said Monsieur Bunce, as the dogs began to howl vonce more, and all de gentlemens gallop after them. 'I vill be first,' I said. So I charge the whole flock of dogs, and knocked over three of them. Oh how dem swore because I beat dem all! Then ve got to end of vood, and I thought de renard should him come back again ; but Monsieur Bunce he jumped a gate, and then look back at me, and said, 'Now, you Tinker, catch dem if you can.' 'De gate vas open, and I gallop along in vare great haste, for ve var all in moch hurry ; but I arrive at von large fosse, and the lady in rouge demande vould I take it? 'Si vous plait, Madame ;' and I spur mine orse, but stoopid de nete tombled into it ; and vould you believe it, but de lady jump over it and me and my orse?

"'Pick up de pieces,' said one gentlemans as he passed by. 'Vot old poy, are you floored already?' said anoder. 'Come to me, and I vill help you,' said a third, as him galloped along. Indeed, they all make some compliment as they pass; but my orse him manage to get up, and I found I should not be much damage; so I gallop again over de soft grass for great distance, mine orse blowing vare much.

"'This dem fox will never stop,' I said: 'by my word its quite ridicule riding after him in this stoopid manner; he vill surely never dare find his vay back to mi Lord Chichester's poulets: so vy should ve fatigue us to hont him any further?'

"'Shov along ye skrew,' said a gentlemans, vondering at what I vos stop; 'de fox is sinking.' 'Vot him no swim? but vere de vater?' 'Dere he he go up de hill,' said he; but how he de fox could sink up de hill I could me not discover; but Monsieur Georne made moch noise, as did Monsieur Craving and all de other gentlemans; and at last I saw de dogs qvertake de renard near von vood. He vas kill, but Monsieur George took him up and vip de dogs avay, and all the gentlemens got off orse and valk about; and Monsieur Craving come to me and said, 'Sare, you vare near kill my best hound, but make me de pleasure to accept de broosh.' 'Thank you, Sare!' said I, 'but I should prefer von comb,' parceque mine hair vas moch disorder; and Monsieur Craving laugh, and say, 'It be de fox's brooch I offer you, Sare: you have rode vare vell, and I moch think you vill make one vare fine sportsman.' But I say to him, 'I thank you Monsieur Craving, for de compliment; but by my vord, you English hont de renard is moch ridicule: you have now come trois league after this dem animal, tired your orse, dirty your breeches, tore your habit, throw mud in my face, and ven you catch de creature you give him to de dog. If you desire a renard, set von trap, and catch him by de leg or let Monsieur George shoot him vit de mosquet as him com out of de vood, but never give yourself de troble of honting him in this fashion.'

"But Monsieur Craving him laugh moch. and say—'Sare, I tink you shall not comprehend our sport.' 'Perhaps not,' I say, 'because I shall not tink it sport:' derefore I vill you vish, Monsieur Editor, bon jour."

### Extirpation of Beasts and Birds.

In a most delightful and interesting work recently published by Charles Lyall, F.R.S., "being an attempt to explain the former changes of the earth's surface by reference to causes now in operation," he observes:—

"Let us make some inquiries into the extent of the influence which the progress of society has exerted, during the last seven or eight centuries, in altering the distribution of our indigenous British animals. Dr, Fleming has prosecuted this inquiry with his usual zeal and ability, and in a memoir on the subject has enumerated the best autenticated examples of the decrease or extirpation of certain species during a period when our population has made the most rapid advances. We shall offer a brief outline of his results.

"The stag, as well as the fallow-deer and the roe, were formerly so abundant, that, according to Lessley, from five hundred to a thousand were sometimes slain at a hunting match; but the native races would already have been extinguished had they not been carefully preserved in certain forests. The otter, the marten, and the polecat, were also in sufficient numbers to be pursued for the sake of their fur: but they have now been reduced within very narrow bounds. The wild cat and foxhave also been sacrificed throughout the greater part of the country for the security of the poultry yard or the fold. Badgers have been expelled from nearly every district which at former periods they inhabited.

"Besides these, which have been driven out from some haunts, and every where reduced in number there are some which have been wholly extirpated; such as the ancient breed of indigenous horses, the wild boar, and the wild oxen, of which last however a few remains are still preserved in the parks some of our nobility. The beaver, which was eagerly sought after for its fur, had become scarce at the close of the ninth century, and by the twelfth century was only to be met with, according to Giraldus de Barri, in one river in Wales and another in Scotland. The wolf once so much dreaded by our ancestors, is said to have maintained its ground in Ireland so late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, (1710,) though it had been extirpated in Scotland thirty years before, and in England at a much earlier period. The bear, which in Wales was regarded as a beast of the chase equal to the hare or the boar, only perished as a native of Scotland in the year 1057.

"Many native birds of prey have also been the subject of unremitting persecution. The eagles, larger hawks, and ravens have disappeared from the more cultivated districts. The haunts of the mallard, the snipe, the redshank, and the bittern, have been drained equally with the summer dwellings of the lapwing and the curlew. But these species still linger in some portions of the British isles; whereas the larger capercailzies, or wood grouse, formerly natives of the pine forests of Ireland and Scotland have been destroyed within the last fifty years. The egret and the crane, which appear to have been formerly very common in Scotland, are now only occasional visitants.

"The bustard (*Otis tarda*) observes Graves, in his 'British Ornithology,' 'was formerly seen in the downs and heaths of various parts of our island, in flocks of forty or fifty birds; whereas it is now a circumstance of rare occurrence to meet with a single individual.' Bewick also remarks 'that they were formerly more common in this island than at present; they are now found only in the open countries of the south and east in the plains of Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and some parts of Yorkshire.' In the few years that have elapsed since Bewick wrote this bird has entirely disappeared from Wiltshire and Dorsetshire.

"These changes we may observe are derived from very imperfect memorials, and relate only to the larger and more conspicuous animals inhabiting a small spot on the globe; but they cannot fail to exalt our conception of the enormous revolution which, in the course of several thousand years the whole human species must have effected.

"The Kangaroo and the emu are retreating rapidly before the progress of colonization in Australia; and it scarcely admits of doubt that the general cultivation of that country must lead to the extirpation of both. The most striking example of loss, even within the last two centuries, of a remarkable species, is that of the dodo; a bird first seen by the Dutch when they landed on the Isle of France, at that time uninhabited. immediately after the discovery of the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. It was of a large size and singular form; its wings short like those of an ostrich, and wholly incapable of sustaining its heavy body even for a short flight. In its general appearance it differed from the ostrich, cassowary or any known bird.

"Many naturalists gave figures of the dodo after the commencement of the seventeenth century; and there is a painting of it in the British Museum, which is said to have been taken from a living individual. Beneath the painting is a leg, in a fine state of preservation, which ornithologists are agreed cannot belong to any other known bird. In the museum at Oxford, also, there is a foot and a head, in an imperfect state, but M. Cuvier doubts the identity of this species with that of which the painting is preserved in London.

"In spite of the most active search, during the last century, no information respecting the dodo was obtained, and some authors have gone so far as to pretend that it never existed; but amongst a great mass of satisfactory evidence in favor of the recent existence of this species, we may mention that an assemblage of fossil bones were recently discovered under a bed of lava, in the Isle of France, and sent to the Paris Museum by M. Desjardins. They almost all belonged to a large living species of land-tortoise, called *Testudo Indica*, but amongst them were the head, sternum, and humerus of the dodo. M. Cuvier showed me these valuable remains in Paris, and assured me that they left no doubt in his mind that the huge bird was one of the gallinaceous tribe."

### The Settling-Day at Tattersalls.

On Tuesday, although vast sums of money were disbursed, numerous impediments to "smooth going" presented themselves. Unfavorable reports of absentees were rife, and complaints of the "tightness" of money were heard on all sides. One gentleman who was present at the commencement, suddenly sounded a retreat, and was hotly inquired after at the close. Another, who was generally deep in liabilities, was reported "quite gone;" but, as he had been hit hard on the "Metropolitan" his absence did not occasion much surprise. The list of "cleared out and bound for the Levant" comprised several others, whose liabilities in the aggregate are very heavy ; in short, to a large number of persons it was about the worst "settling" day they ever experienced. Towards the close of business a novel incident in the way of settling excited uproarious mirth and not a little derision, both inside and outside the room. A person who had laid against Dervish to an immense extent, and had afforded none of the backers an opportunity of hedging with him, was called to the door to receive payment, in bags of copper, of a bet of £40.


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YOU CANNOT BE TOO CAREFUL IN the selection of a physician or a remedy in these cases. You should apply to a man who has had ample experience and that possesses true skill in the treatment thereof. Such a physician is Dr. Hunter, he lays his claims on the following facts, which can be proven at any moment,
He has been in active practice over 25 years, in this city, and has established the Hunterian Dispensary, 3 Division street, in 1833, exclusively for the treatment of certain diseases, and has devoted all his abilities during all that time, to this branch of medecine only. His great remedy, Hunter's Red Drop, is a medecine perfectly safe and sure in its action, yet so thorough that it annihilates every particle of the rank and poisonous virtus of this dreaful disease ; and on this account alone it was first made public, that unlike all other remedies, it does not dry up the disease in the blood, to break out at a remote period all over the body, or to transmit to the offspring.
It has been counterfeited and slandered more than any medecine of any kind ever brought before the public—knowing that unless they deter the fortunate from obtaining it, their prospects for patronage is gone. The Hunterian Dispensary is conducted on the most honorable principles. No man is required to sign a register of names, or asked who or what he is. Doctor Hunter's business is to cure his patients, and no one knows but the patients and himself that they ever met professionally. He desires young men attached to respectable families, and who are led astray by the numerous temptations of a city life to understand this. He has refused more certificates of cures from persons who had been unsuccessfully treated by other Physicians, than would fill the largest newspaper in the world a dozen times over. aprl5 3m

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The following statement will be sufficient to satisfy any one. They are from respectable persons :—
DR. CUDW